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Original of the map, dated 1614, is in the Library of Congress, U.S.A. This reproduction is made from a copy dated 1616 in the Map Room of the British Museum.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

HARROGATE, once "Harrowgate" according to an old guide-book, has for a century or more been recognised as one of Britain's leading spas, and though "taking the Waters" is no longer the fashion that it was, the medicinal springs and varied bath treatments are in greater demand than ever.

For all that, Spa treatment is by no manner of means the sole *raison d'être* of Harrogate's popularity to-day. Whereas ill-health in bygone days forced visitors to the town, now they come voluntarily and in expectant pleasure to enjoy her moorland air, her shops, entertainments, and such a profusion of floral display that this Yorkshire town is internationally known as Britain's Floral Resort. Whereas, too, in olden days the Harrogate season petered out in early October, her enterprising citizens have established such a reputation for the town as a conference and exhibition centre that she enjoys a twelve-month season; with the result that Harrogate of to-day might be termed more of a resort of words than waters. It was on the last day of October that my wife and me revisited this Yorkshire town, and Nature, as she is wont in the fall, had sent Boreas to vacuum up the fallen leaves, but the flowers in the Valley Gardens and at vantage points throughout the town stood their ground.

All her hotels were open and well filled. The many attractive shops were well patronised, and as we—two delegates to the British Hotels and Restaurants Association—arrived, the St. John's Ambulance Brigade and a gas council had just ceased conferring. A great onus was placed on the local Hotels Association in organising and catering for some 650 professional hoteliers and restaurateurs, but standards were such that departing delegates must have felt that they had learnt a wrinkle or two. Headquarters of the conference was The Majestic (163 bedrooms), Harrogate's largest hotel. Here the official banquet and ball was held and many of the delegates stayed.

Proven friends, however, are best, and we and a big percentage of others stayed at the 137-bedroomed Old Swan, where Mr. Geoffrey A. Wright, its resident director and general manager, has perfected a form of smooth-running efficiency which is ever constant.

It is rare that we are able to spend more than one or two nights in any hotel, but here we settled in for the best part of a week, allowing plenty of time to detect deficiencies. On the contrary, our admiration increased as the days went by. Considering ourselves on semi-holiday, we rang down each morning for Continental breakfast in our bedroom, and each day it arrived within five minutes of our ordering it.

Attending an official reception at The Cairn Hydro Hotel, the Trust House member in Harrogate, we were impressed with the cold buffet the chef and his staff had prepared and displayed. It was a remarkable tribute to the Trust House organisation in encouraging chefs of to-day and to-morrow.

Strolling through the Valley Gardens, and halting awhile to admire the rock gardens, we called in to see again The Russell, one of the principal unlicensed hotels of the town. Owned and very personally run by two sisters with many years of practical hotel experience behind them, this hotel seems to grow each year in prestige and popularity. Here Avis and Joan Bown (the former is now Mrs. Sidney Gent) always show us with pride their kitchens, prior to seeing over the hotel as a whole.

Wisely the Bowns have not attempted to introduce contemporary design, yet each bedroom is a silent invitation to be lived in for a week, a fortnight, or longer; and whatever the season The Russell is attuned to the needs of the moment.

Our next visit was to The Studley Hotel, in Swan Road, just below The Old Swan. Outwardly it is petite, and unobtrusive, but stepping inside the small yet interesting entrance, the pattern starts to reveal itself—a lift to all floors; a cosy reception office; a small, elegant restaurant softly lit and with shining table appointments. Here we lunched admirably and in a manner which disclosed a kitchen staff interested in the culinary arts. Upstairs the accommodation ranged from single rooms to suites, and we were not surprised to learn and observe that The Studley attracts that discriminating type of visitor who is accustomed to having everything just so in his own home.

As a conference town or as a resort, Harrogate can justly claim to have an individuality that is unique, but when it comes to the moors and dales, to the ancient abbeys, churches and historical houses that lie within pleasant motoring compass, she does but share them with her neighbours.

We took the opportunity of revisiting Ripon, that interesting old market and cathedral town which lies only 11 miles from its younger, but now bigger neighbour, Harrogate. As before, we headed for that quietly situated Spa Hotel, where we were welcomed, as on many previous occasions, by Mrs. Walker. Owned by a private directorate, The Spa Hotel makes a pleasant holiday headquarters for daleland explorations, as well as a half-way house for motorists between London and Edinburgh, or for a transit stop for those westward-bound to the Lake District.

Another day we took the opportunity of running over to Ilkley and enjoyed an excellent lunch at Craiglands Hotel, which again should be noted by motorists in north/south or east/west transit.

With Bradford, Leeds and Huddersfield within twenty miles, Craiglands is a popular week-end objective for motorists, and we were fortunate in being able to get a luncheon table without prior booking. Any anxiety we had on that score was soon dispelled by the excellence of our Sunday lunch—and naturally we chose the roast beef for the Yorkshire pudding.

Though time did not permit of revisiting The Red Lion at South Stainley, The Harewood Arms Inn close by the main gates of Harewood House, or The Devonshire Arms at Bolton Bridge (close by Bolton Abbey), they should be noted for all who happen to be in this, Britain's largest county.

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The SPHERE, London, December 26, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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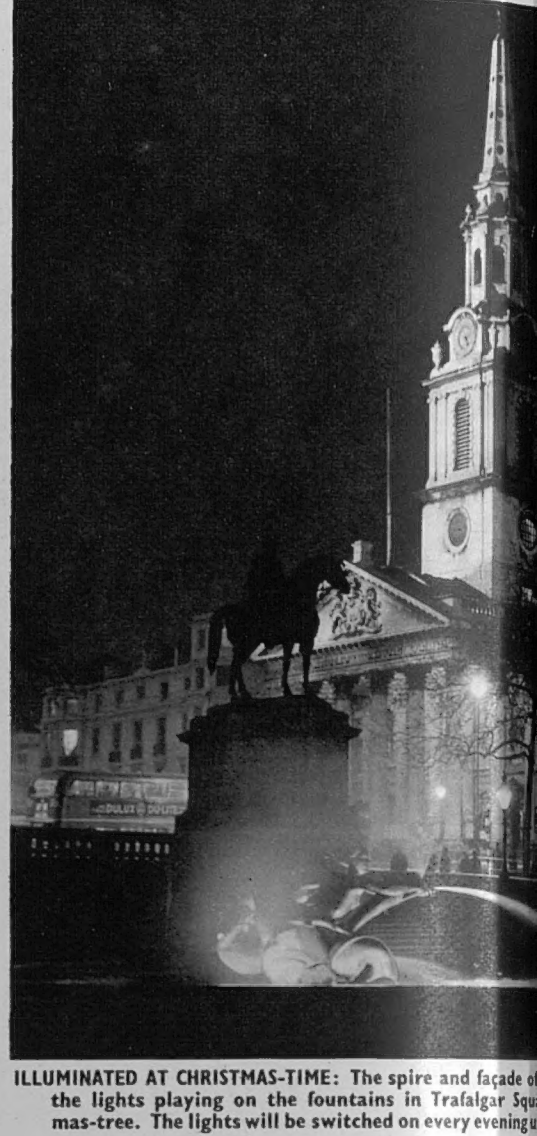
CAROLS FOR CHRISTMAS—IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, THE CHORISTERS REHEARSE THEIR PROGRAMME OF MUSIC FOR THE FESTIVAL: Wearing their cassocks, they are grouped on the steps leading from the choir to the High Altar, with Trinity Chapel in the background. Conducting the rehearsal is Dr. Sidney S. Campbell. On the left, the members of the small orchestra are sitting close to the tomb of Henry Chichele, who died in 1443, after being Archbishop for twenty-nine years.

With the approach of Christmas, the choirs of cathedrals and churches, as well as many secular organisations, have been preparing their programmes of music for the Festival. In addition, much work has been involved in the production of Nativity Plays and Christmas Mimes. On radio and television there are the usual arrangements for broadcasting seasonal music, the choir of Canterbury Cathedral being among those chosen to take part in the festivities. They were to be seen on television on Christmas Eve in a programme of carols introduced by the Dean. Another prominent broadcast on Christmas Eve was the service of Nine Lessons and Carols from King's College, Cambridge. In recent years more and more churches have been holding their own carol services just before Christmas, usually on the last Sunday in Advent, often as a means of preparation for the Festival, rather than on the Sunday immediately after Christmas. In London, crowds are gathering round the crib and Norwegian Christmas-tree in Trafalgar Square, where choristers sing carols on several evenings before Christmas. (Pictures of Trafalgar Square are on pages 504 and 505.)

Postage: Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

A PRE-CHRISTMAS MEET: Mr. P. Durno, the Huntsman of the Heythrop, is surrounded by the pack of hounds waiting to move off. The Heythrop recently met for the day on the Green at Witney, in Oxfordshire, after meets over their territory in Gloucestershire had to be abandoned because of the precautions against the spread of foot-and-mouth disease.



ILLUMINATED AT CHRISTMAS-TIME: The spire and façade of the lights playing on the fountains in Trafalgar Squ mas-tree. The lights will be switched on every evening u

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

Christmas Greetings—To all readers of the *Newsletter*, I offer the thirty-third annual renewal of good wishes for Christmas, whether they are eating their plum-pudding in tropical heat or Polar winds, under skies grey or blue, on the high seas or the high hills, or in the plains and valleys and outbacks. I know that THE SPHERE, in time, reaches them all, and Christmas greetings are still welcomed as late as Twelfth Night. In Britain, they tell us constantly, we never "had it so good," and this year turkeys will be well within the range of 90 per cent. of our population. If it be so, I am glad. I like to eat turkey more than any other form of meat. I like it hot, I like it cold, grilled, devilled and how you please. I like to share it with my family and know how to carve it so as to leave a remnant over when the family disperse. I still like Christmas and its customs, except for Christmas cards. I enjoy giving and receiving presents. I invite the carol-singers inside and listen to them without distress, even when they sing flat. If I object to holly within reach, this should be a happy Christmas, for there are no holly berries in the county I live in. I have no objection to mistletoe and its uses, nor to good cheer in moderation. In short, like the Squire of Sandringham, as disclosed in his broadcasts from 1932 to his death, I enjoy those kindly ceremonies which our literature and our traditions have hallowed and made dear all the Empire over; and I hope that all my readers may do so, too. If we grow tired as we grow old, we should hold on longest to things of good report. There are plenty of other things to tire of.

An Insoluble Problem—Mr. Wedgwood Benn made a really fine speech when introducing the Opposition's vote of censure on the Government's handling of the traffic chaos. It was co-operative and constructive and light-hearted and, if his similes produced as much laughter as conviction, the speech was properly tuned to a problem which is in truth insoluble. No doubt, a central authority to control and grapple with the problem as a whole is desirable, and a national motor patrol force, too; but if an Anderson or a Trenchard were found for the job, and an army of patrolmen recruited from the most efficient types available, there is not the space left in this island to provide even eight more inches of road space for each of the 3,000,000 new vehicles on the road since 1952. And we are promised a great increase in new vehicles, with the encouragement of Government and Opposition alike, who desire nothing more than further record outputs by one of our greatest industries. No doubt, too, staggering of opening and closing hours by big shops and industries is very necessary in great cities, but what central dictator is going to succeed in staggering week-end seagoers or holiday trippers? We *all* know that the problem is insoluble, and that, with the means at our disposal, we can do no more than retard a total standstill, by sacrificing more and more of our farmland and amenities, fast disappearing; at least until science enables every man to take wing cheaply, keep his wings in his toolshed and flap through the less congested air.

Rates and Logic—We most of us grouse about our rates and Schedule A. The odd thing is we see the injustice and lack of logic in Schedule A more clearly than in rate assessment. With the latter, we confine our grouses chiefly to any increases in our assessments. Lately a *Daily Telegraph* correspondent gave us a very clearly and logically argued string of reasons why we may complain of a grossly inequitable system of assessment, which few of us have thought out for ourselves. We pay rates (he says) to meet the cost of public education, health, public works and services, such as police, refuse collection, libraries, and so on. *But* every ratepayer enjoys these services *in equal shares*. It is, therefore, illogical and unjust that the amount a ratepayer pays is determined by the size of his roof. Six people in a small house pay less than one person in a large house who actually and individually is using only one-sixth of the provided services. The lonely "rich man in his castle" taxes the drainage system, the refuse collection and library services, the policeman and justice, no more than does each of the six poor men in the cottage next door. For these public services are individual services. It would be just as illogical (he adds) to assess a man for rates by the size of his boots. He further argues and with reason that national education should never have been a local rate item. Therefore, local rates should be abolished and everyone should pay for services according to his means. But will "the only fair way" appeal to the *rich* man in his castle? It is: that a surcharge of 6 per cent. should be levied on income tax. That would not leave much for spending to the highest group of surtax-payers even if the proposal would cut administrative services by millions and liquidate Schedule A besides. Still, there is truth and sense in much of his argument; and as for Schedule A, despite pro and con arguments, it surely makes nonsense of our Government's expressed encouragement of improvement in the standard of the nation's homes.

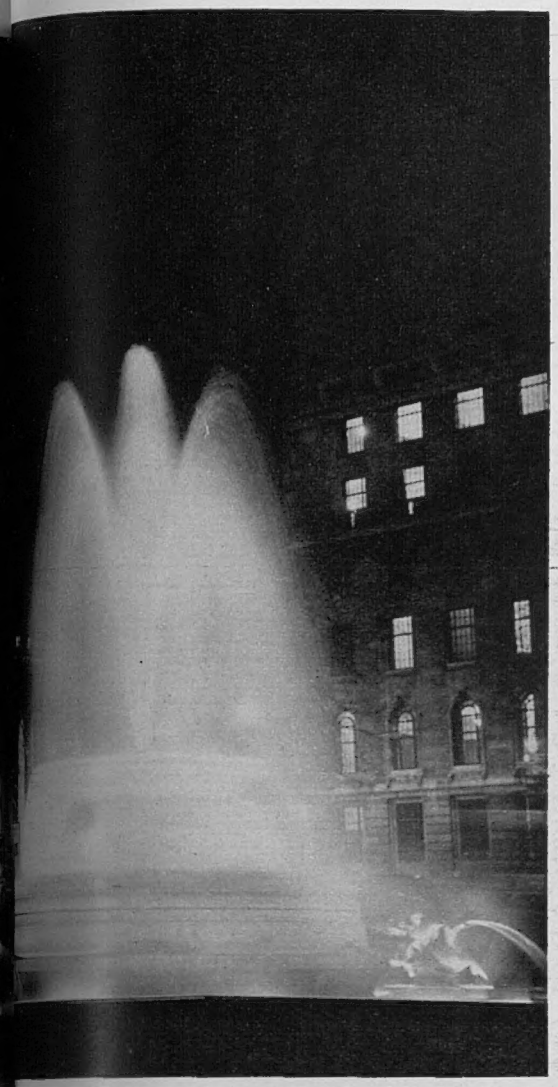
The Complete Peerage—The fourteen volumes of *The Complete Peerage* are at last completed, despite innumerable difficulties, not least financial. G. E. Cockayne's and Gibbs' great project has been more than eighty years a-doing, and nobody will deny that it is as colourful and entertaining as a romantic classic novel, and in its notes on peerage law and tradition a text-book for scholars. *The Times*, in a recent "leader," suggested that many readers of this vast work are tempted to treat it like *The Decline and Fall*, skipping the text and gobbling up the footnotes. If readers do that, in my opinion, they are eating the duff and leaving the plums. In the earlier volumes, the footnotes were sometimes as gossipy, as irrelevant, as unproven and even inaccurate, as a sensational Sunday newspaper's social column, and qui unworthy of a serious compilation on a subject once great importance. The plums are found in the expe treatises on peerage law and usage contained in appendic in many volumes, and in the general accuracy of the trea ment of live and extinct peerages. As time went on, tho footnotes improved in relevancy and pith without muc loss of colour. But certainly in the first few volumes th did no service to an important historical work. I venture many years ago to suggest this to Mr. H. A. Doubleda one of the team, and he did not dissent. The project no completed is an important and valuable work and gre credit is due to all who have laboured to produce it an to others who have backed it. It won't be long before copy will be hard to come by at £100.

Noxious Sprays—In the view of the Medic Press and of many less well qualified to pronounce, farmer who produce our food, are at the same time exterminatin many sources of food and contaminating, if not poisonin others. Spraying with toxic arsenate to kill greenfly is case in point. There is no doubt that this successf exterminator of a serious pest is the exterminator of man partridges, hares and pheasants, no less than of insect which themselves destroy insect pests. It is illogic thinking on the part of farmers. No doubt, quick return reduced labour and larger output of foodstuffs are priorit objectives, but a larger output of suspect foodstuffs very short-term box-office. A few years ago, the rabb was popular and wholesome food. To-day it is as popula as rat meat, and though British farmers did not introduc that foul rabbit disease, they welcomed it and do not di courage its return. It is illogical, too, from a sportin point of view. Shooting has become the farmer's favouri pastime and he is a jealous preserver of his acres. Y modern farming methods ruthlessly destroy the nests game birds, and eradicate hedgerows, and pheasant partridges and hares become at once his enemy and h sporting need. But—what is more serious for Britis farming—if chemical spraying is not checked quickly, th farmers may find that demand for some of their produc

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

TRAVEL AND HOLIDAY NUMBER

A Special Annual Section Dealing With Resorts, Tours, Travel Notes and Advice



rtin-in-the-Fields stand out against the night sky. Besides ere are also the gay illuminations of the Norwegian Christ- n. 6. Carols were sung beneath the tree until Christmas Eve.

of the soil may soon diminish and some of the fruits of the earth in Britain become as suspect as the rabbit or as certain imported vegetables found to be poisonous from such treatment abroad.

Dickens Incognito—Research into the frailties of long-dead worthies or notables, male or female, is a literary exercise I have come to regard as overdone and even unnecessary. Particularly so is this true of literary men or other artists who are judged by their works. It is even harder to justify probing into the frailties of long-dead women of no importance other than by the possession of exalted rank. Yet these " researches " are very common and often popular. Mr. Felix Aylmer, in his *Dickens Incognito*, part of which has been serialised, revealed an immense amount of research in his sleuthing into Dickens' hidden life and the result was both exciting and in some respects fruitful. But he has had a very sharp lesson in the increased care which is necessary in the examination of unworthy passages in the lives of dead " worthies." You cannot libel the dead, in the sense that you cannot suffer at law for libelling them, but just as much care is needed to avoid other consequences as when your subject is alive. Some rival Dickens authors pointed out to him that the whole of his exciting detection of Dickens' effort to conceal the birth of his child by Ellen Ternan by use of the name Tringham, was totally at fault, because his arguments rested on the non-existence in the records of a hospital of any Tringham birth at a relevant time. In fact, the hospital records contained two entries clearly written; and, that being accepted, the whole detection is " detected " and worthless. Mr. Aylmer, most handsomely and without reserve, accepted his error. It must surely mean rewriting his book, and that may be difficult. This show-up, unimportant in itself and a matter between perfectly bona fide and reputable writers, may at least drive home the lesson of added responsibility to avoid errors in "biography"; it may even deter others from sailing on this unfriendly and dangerous sea.

Smog—The Conservative Political Centre has put out for our Christmas reading a pamphlet entitled " Wage War on Smog." Seven years have passed since the Great Smog in London in December 1952 cost 4,000 lives. Myself, I very much doubt whether experts could accurately decide that none of those 4,000 dead would have died if there had been no smog. I am perfectly certain that no wizards of statistics could possibly assess the annual economic cost of air pollution at £300,000,000. But we are mad about statistics and we swallow them hook, line and sinker. We need not doubt that air pollution and smog are very costly in human life and money and we accept wholeheartedly the need for smokeless fuels, and the need to reduce the price of them considerably, if we are all to use them. To-day they are sold at the price of gold dust. The pamphleteer estimates that fifteen years hence 80 per cent. of the smoke that pollutes our industrial centres may be eliminated. Again, of course, we swallow his figures, for he is a statistician. Then, perhaps, confident in victory, the scientists will turn their attention to a master smog-maker who does not have to rely on smoky fuel for her effects, Nature. On the high and lonely hills, in low-lying and remote valleys, on open sea coasts, she produces " visibility nil " effects which every year cost more in human lives and treasure than man-made smogs; and if our statisticians have assessed in round figures what Nature's smogs cost us annually, the scientists should take note of those figures and divert some of their genius from space-travel and other non-priorities to a more pressing war against Nature. And the figures should induce in them a measure of humility. In some respects, we are no wiser than our fathers.

CHRISTMAS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: For the thirteenth successive year, a Christmas tree from Norway has been erected in the Square. It is the gift of the Mayor and citizens of Oslo. This year a crib has been installed at the foot, provided by the Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields and drawing attention to the World Refugee Year.

Background Noise—Television, in which I very occasionally indulge, is too often made unintelligible and intolerable to me by what is called background noise. I had never supposed that it is deliberately introduced by the producers to make our brains more receptive to emotion. (But so, it seems, it is.) I had supposed that this clamour was the commonly-held modern notion of entertainers that noise is essential for amusement. That, of course, is the view of young motor-cyclists. Mr. Dimbleby and his team of sleuths in *Panorama* are serious-minded men, but they, too, have this queer theory about noise. If they are allowed to interrupt the work of a shop steward in a car or other noisy engineering factory, it would surely waste no more of the firm's time, if they induced him to " step outside," so that the audience might hear the words of wisdom that fell from him. But no; the noise, if it deadens our hearing, makes our brains more receptive. It matters not to Dimbleby that we receive nothing. We can't, of course, expect that boxing or football on TV can be free from boos and catcalls, though it would be a relief if the official announcer and the running-commentator did not drown each other's words in a duet. As for variety and music-hall turns, these entertainments have long since abandoned themselves to noise only. To raise a laugh you must raise your voice to a yell. It is sad to recall that the great entertainers and laughter-makers of our youth rarely raised their voices when they raised laughter. All the noise came from the audience. The entertainers were natural humorists with a trained technique and got across without background noises to boost them.

School for Scandal—The nakedness of the land for justifiable criticism by Her Majesty's Opposition was clearly seen in the loud protests by Labour Members against the appointment of Mrs. Henry Brooke by the North-West Metropolitan Hospital Board as Chairman of a management committee in place of Dr. Drakeley, who, after doing splendid service, has nearly reached man's " allotted span." Innuendoes poured out: the Chairman of the Regional Board, Lord Cottesloe, had represented on the L.C.C. for ten years the constituency in which the Brookes lived. Mr. Brooke is Minister of Housing and Local Government, and so obviously the Minister of Health was responsible for the appointment as a job for a colleague. A patent and deplorable job! In truth, the Minister of Health has no say in such appointments, which are matters solely for the Boards. If among members of the relevant Board there are some who wanted Dr. Drakeley to remain, that is quite another matter. The innuendoes against the Minister and Lord Cottesloe were deplorable. As for Mrs. Brooke, she is a trained nurse, with the widest experience of district nursing, and the post is honorary. One might suppose that she was being presented with a financial plum by a glaringly nepotistic device. It was a sorry exhibition by small-minded Opposition M.P.s searching for mud to throw at the party in power. But of course voluntary workers in any field, not least in hospital work, are anathema to many Socialists, who favour at all times the " rate for the job " and prefer the dead hand of bureaucracy. There must be something " fishy " about people who will work for nothing. Moreover, if every useful post is to be debarred to any man or woman who has some connection by blood or geography with a Minister or V.I.P., it will be hard to fill half the useful posts in this small island. Only hermits need apply, if Mr. Cronin, Dr. Summerskill, Mr. Fletcher and others were listened to with respect. THE OLD STAGER

PERSIA TO TUNISIA

President Eisenhower on His World Tour

In Teheran, Athens and Tunis, on his way from Delhi to Paris last week, President Eisenhower continued to receive the great popular acclamations which had marked the earlier stages of his world tour. The brief duration of his various stops did not allow time for detailed discussions on policy. But the fact of the "presence" of the President was taken as a reassuring sign of increased American interest in the countries visited. In Athens he was reported to have allayed one fear which is frequently expressed by smaller countries, especially those living geographically close to Russia or nations of the Soviet bloc. Mr. Eisenhower made it clear the West is fully aware that in attempting to come to a better understanding with Russia, safeguards must be taken to ensure that Communists in non-Communist countries are not encouraged to further their own causes.

His departure from Athens allowed him a restful respite at sea, sailing in the cruiser *Des Moines*, the flagship of the American Sixth Fleet, through the Mediterranean to Tunis. In his talks with President Bourguiba, the question of Algeria was raised. Finally, on Friday of last week (December 18), President Eisenhower landed at Toulon and went straight on to Paris, for the long-awaited conference to be held last week-end with the French President, the British Prime Minister and the West German Chancellor.

CAVALCADE THROUGH TEHERAN: Standing in the car in the centre of the picture are President Eisenhower and the Shah of Persia. Above the broad avenue slogans welcoming the American visitor have been stretched and many in the enthusiastic crowd are waving flags. Mr. Eisenhower, on his world tour, flew from Delhi to Teheran on December 14. After a stay of five hours in the Persian capital he went on to Athens. He continued by sea to Tunis and reached Paris on December 18 for his pre-summit conference.

WELCOME TO PERSIA: Mr. Eisenhower, on his arrival at Teheran airport, replies to his welcome from the Shah (left on the dais).

A REAFFIRMATION OF AMERICAN SUPPORT FOR PERSIA: At a joint session of the Persian Parliament Mr. Eisenhower sits before speaking to the members. He said that the United States intended to continue to assist Persia in the mutual interests of both nations, and also stressed the importance of Persia's membership of the Central Treaty Organisation in contributing to stability in the Middle East.

WITH THE GREEK ROYAL FAMILY: President Eisenhower is flanked by King Paul and Queen Frederika on a balcony of the Royal Palace in Athens. Behind are, from left, Princess Sophia; Crown Prince Constantine and Princess Irene. Another tumultuous welcome greeted the President on his arrival in the Greek capital, where he spent a night at the Royal Palace. In Athens, as in Teheran, he addressed the Members of Parliament and also had talks with Mr. Karamanlis, the Prime Minister. It was understood that Mr. Eisenhower allayed Greek fears that a détente between the West and Russia might turn out to the advantage of the Communists in Greece. Both President and Prime Minister agreed that any relaxation of world tension must guarantee independence to all nations.

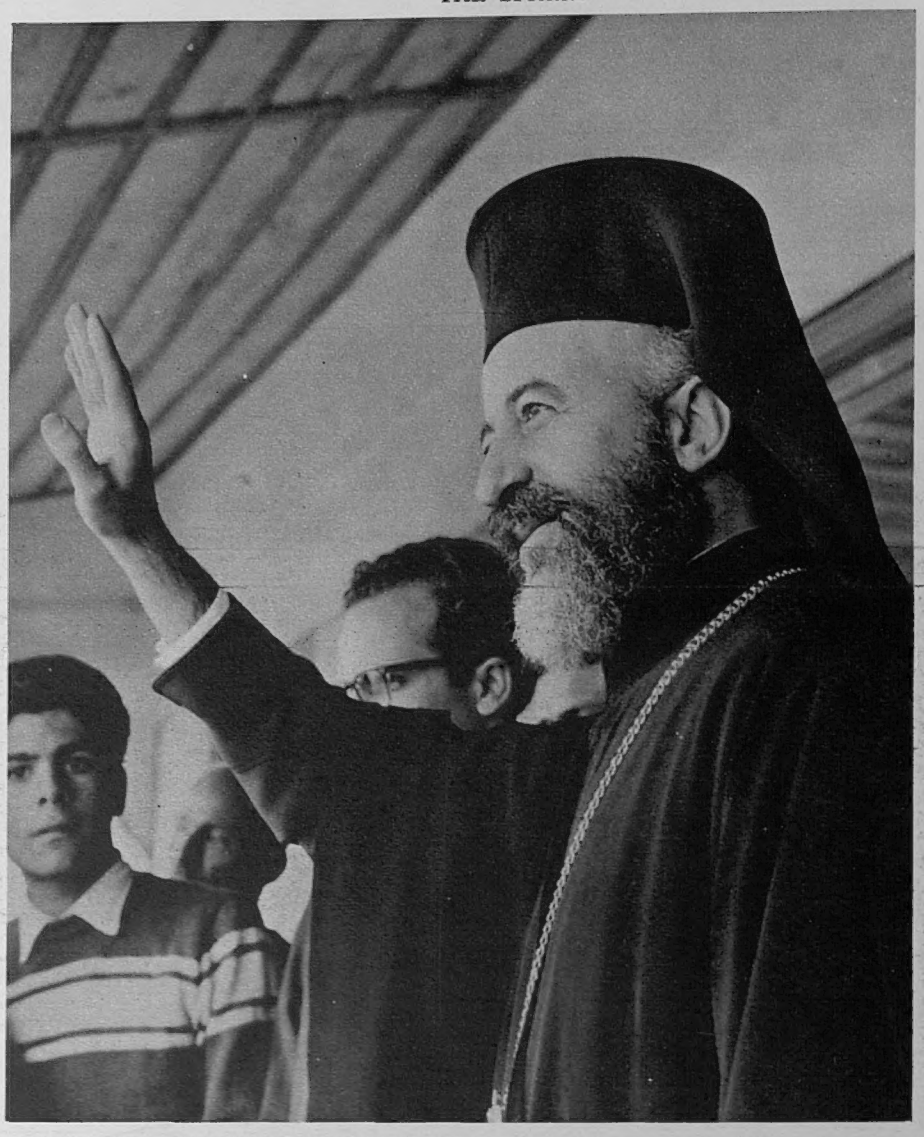
FAREWELL TO GREECE: The President and Mr. Karamanlis clasp hands and Mr. Eisenhower leans forward to catch the Greek Premier's farewell remarks. From Athens Mr. Eisenhower flew in a helicopter to the U.S.S. *Des Moines*, in which he sailed through the Mediterranean to Tunis.

A GIFT IN TUNIS: Outside the former Bey's Summer Palace Mr. Eisenhower pats the nose of the horse presented to him by President Bourguiba, who stands beyond him. The Algerian War was a subject in talks between the two Heads of State.

CYPRUS ELECTS MAKARIOS

The Archbishop Becomes the Island's President-elect

Archbishop Makarios's expected victory in the first Cyprus Presidential Election on Sunday of last week was greeted with wild enthusiasm on the island. Dr. Kutchuk, the leader of the Turkish community, expressed pleasure that "the man who has acted as leader of the Greek community for so many years should have achieved the success which beyond doubt he deserves." The Archbishop's only opponent was Mr. John Clerides, who is the joint leader and founder of the Democratic Union, a loose association of parties of different views, including most of the extreme Left-Wing. He polled about 30 per cent. of the votes. A preliminary assessment of the poll showed that Archbishop Makarios had an overwhelming majority in the villages. In the towns, however, Mr. Clerides did well. In Famagusta the Democratic Union candidate had a slight majority, reported to be because of the strength of the Left-Wing vote in that town. In Limassol, the second largest town in Cyprus, his poll was only about 1,000 less than the Archbishop's. The next stage in the island's progress towards becoming a republic is the election early in the New Year of the fifty Members of the House of Representatives.



A TRIUMPH FOR ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS: The President-elect of the Cyprus Republic acknowledges the cheers of his supporters in Nicosia. In a straight contest with Mr. John Clerides in the first Presidential Election, Archbishop Makarios polled 144,501 votes to his opponent's 71,753.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S OPPONENT: Mr. John Clerides, a seventy-two-year-old barrister, places his voting slip in the ballot-box. Accompanying him is his wife.

A MEMBER OF THE GOVERNMENT: Mr. Polycarpos Georghadjis, the Minister of Labour and Social Services in the Cyprus Transitional Government, registers his vote in the Presidential Election. The victory of Archbishop Makarios was expected, but some people thought that the majority would be much larger than it was. One of the first to congratulate the new President on his success was Dr. Kutchuk, the leader of the Turkish minority on the island. Once among the Archbishop's greatest enemies, the Turkish leader is now one of Makarios's allies, and trusts him to uphold the London Agreement.

On left—

AWAITING THE RESULT OF THE ELECTION: Crowds of supporters of Archbishop Makarios are assembled near the Archbishopric in Nicosia to hear the result of the poll. When the final figures were announced, late on Monday of last week, there were great celebrations throughout the island. The jubilations lasted all Monday night and most of Tuesday. Archbishop Makarios, in his first proclamation as President-elect, appealed for an end to fanaticism and antagonism in Cyprus, and for co-operation between the Greek and the Turkish communities.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE RESTORATION OF LENIN'S ROLLS-ROYCE: Workers at the Likhachev Automobile Works, in Moscow, crowd round the car to inspect it. The venerable vehicle has been renovated in the experimental shop of the works after many years of disuse. It was driven by the shop foreman, B. N. Kurbatov, through the streets of the Russian capital to the Central V. I. Lenin Museum, where it has been placed on display. The Rolls-Royce was used by Lenin in the few years of power before he died in 1924.

RETURN FROM THE HIMALAYA: Members of the Japanese Expedition to Gauri Sankar, near Mount Everest, are seen on their return to Banepa, from the Sherpa post at Namche Bazar. For some weeks it was feared that the expedition had been lost, and there were reports that it had been overwhelmed in an avalanche, attempting to climb the mountain from the Nepal side. But it was then confirmed that the party was safe and had given up their attempt. Subsequently the expedition went through more adventures, when they were robbed by brigands.

SIR ANTHONY EDEN SETS OFF FOR A HOLIDAY IN THE WEST INDIES: He and his wife are seen at London Airport on the way to the airliner. Before he left, Sir Anthony spoke of his book, which is to be published in February and which has just been completed. He said that all good history was controversial. At the same time as he left for his holiday, a television interview made by him at his home in Wiltshire was broadcast in Canada. In this Sir Anthony broke his silence of nearly three years over the Suez crisis. He said that one of the results of the intervention was the creation of an international police force, much of the credit for which was due to Canada. Another result of the action was that the conflict had remained localised.

On left—

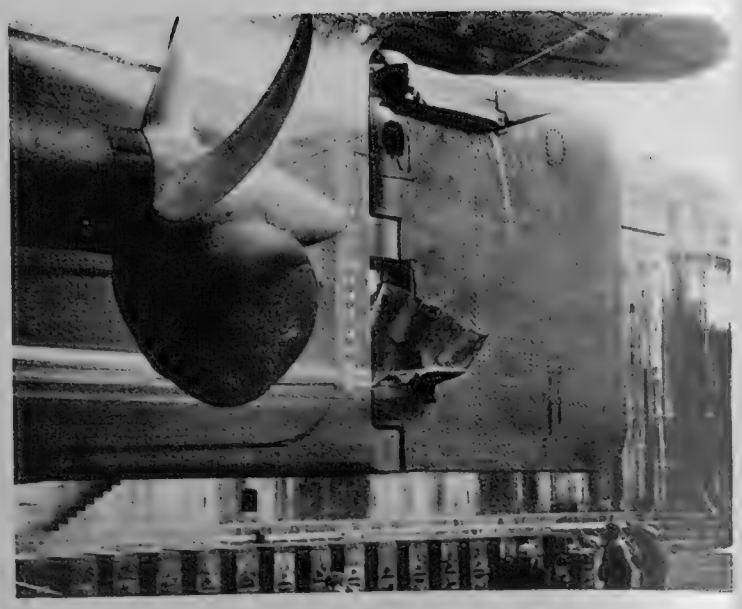
SLIDING INTO THE SEA: On the top of the cliffs of Robin Hood's Bay, near Whitby, in Yorkshire, a section of one house slips down the cliff after the foundations were eroded by sea action. The building is the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Gough.

PLANS FOR THE BRITISH EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK: From left are Mr. W. P. N. Edwards, managing director of British Overseas Fairs Ltd.; Lord Rootes, chairman of the Dollar Export Council; and Mr. W. H. McFadzean, president of the Federation of British Industries. They are looking at an artist's impression of part of the British Exhibition which will be held in New York in June 1960. Under the patronage of the Queen and President Eisenhower, it will serve as a shop window on a grand scale, with full Government backing and a £100,000 prestige exhibit. There will be a British Military tournament and tattoo.

PREPARING FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S WINTER EXHIBITION: At Burlington House, in London, Sir Charles Wheeler (left) directs the alignment of Michelangelo's sculpture "Virgin and Child with St. John." Sculpted in marble and weighing 5 cwt., the work is 450 years old. The sculpture, which is the property of the Royal Academy and has not been on view for some years, will be one of the works on show in the Winter Exhibition. This has the theme of the collecting of Italian Art by the British from the time of Charles I to to-day and contains 650 works. It opens on January 2 and closes on March 6.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

UNDERNEATH A SHIP: Shipwrights with templates check the bottom of the Union Castle liner *Braemar Castle* (17,029 tons), in King George V Dock, London. On the left are dents in the plates. The ship was undergoing repairs to minor damage she received when she was driven aground on a sandbank near Gibraltar on her voyage to London from African ports. After being refloated by tugs she continued her voyage, but was again delayed off Dungeness by the storms affecting shipping all round the coasts of Britain



REPAIRING THE STORM DAMAGE TO THE "QUEEN MARY": In dry dock in Southampton, the famous liner is repaired after the battering she received during an Atlantic crossing in gale-force winds and mountainous seas. A loose and twisted plate hangs from her rudder. Both the Queens were delayed during their transatlantic crossings in the gales. On board the *Queen Elizabeth*, which arrived at Southampton from New York, thirty-seven hours late, it was reported that winds reached hurricane force and that the waves were 60 ft. high. Six portholes were smashed on the *Queen Elizabeth* during the crossing, but only two people were hurt by broken glass.

ARMY APPRENTICES AT THE PASSING-OUT PARADE: Major-General W. R. Cox is seen with award winners at the parade of the Army Apprentices School at Arborfield, in Berkshire. From left are Robert Ord, who won the Chief Instructor's Cup for technical and educational ability; Brian Glossop, who won the Commandant's Cup for military ability; Major-General Cox; and Michael Pike, the apprentice-R.S.M. of the School and winner of the Award of Honour as the best all-round apprentice tradesman.

SHORN OF HER TALL MASTS AND RIGGING: *Mayflower II* is being towed by the Boston tug *Mars* into Boston Harbour. The replica of the ship in which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed across the Atlantic for the New World is normally kept at Plymouth, Massachusetts, with relics of the landing of the first immigrants. She was towed to Boston Harbour to shelter from the winter storms. *Mayflower II* arrived at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in June 1957 after an Atlantic crossing similar to that which the Pilgrim Fathers made in 1620.

SOVEREIGN'S PARADE AT SANDHURST: The Senior Division of cadets of the Royal Military Academy march past the saluting-base during the Sovereign's Parade. The salute was taken on behalf of the Queen by General Sir Hugh Stockwell, Adjutant-General, who was Commandant of the Academy from 1948-50. There were 700 cadets on parade but only about 130 were passing-out. The Sword of Honour, which goes to the Commandant's choice as the best cadet of his term, was presented by General Stockwell to college Senior Under-Officer John Parkes, and the Queen's Medal, for the cadet heading the table of merit, to Senior Under-Officer Alastair Drew.

PASSING-OUT PARADE AT CRANWELL: At the Royal Air Force College in Lincolnshire, the Reviewing Officer, General Sir Francis Festing, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, makes his inspection during the passing-out parade of Entry No. 76. Taking part in the parade were thirty-nine cadets who were passing out as officers in the general duties flying branch, and in Equipment and Secretarial branches. The Sword of Honour presented to the best cadet of the entry went to Senior Under-Officer T. C. Porteous.

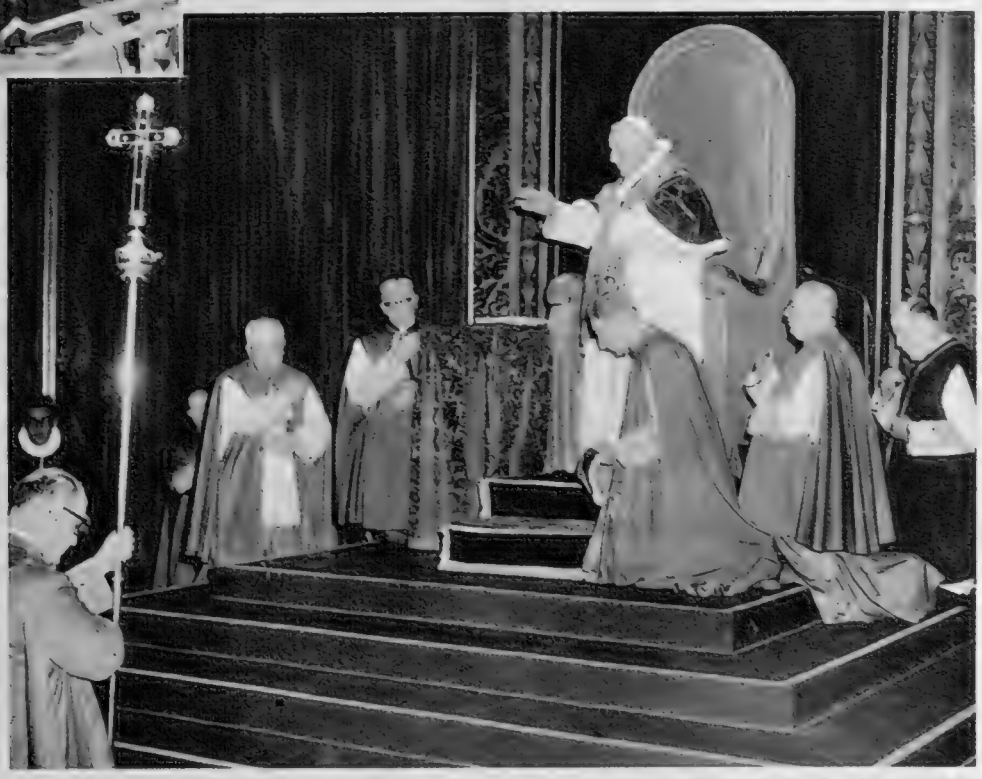
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

EXPLOSION IN A GERMAN CITY: British soldiers stationed in Dortmund haul on a rope during rescue and clearance operations after an explosion blew one three-storey house into the air and gutted the house next door. Rescue workers from the Army, the Red Cross and other public services worked all night to clear the ruins and to find some clue to the identity of those who lost their lives. Several days later it was announced that the death-roll had reached twenty-five and that recovery operations had ended. A commission inquiring into the disaster reported that it was convinced that it was caused by gas. Later, a break was discovered in one of the gas mains in the street.

THE WRECKAGE OF A JAPANESE STREET: The flimsily constructed houses of a street in a suburb of Yokohama are a mass of wreckage. It was reported that a total of thirty houses were demolished after a truck, carrying 4 tons of TNT, blew up. The disaster was stated to have been the result of a road crash. Four people were killed—two drivers and their assistants—and 94 people injured.

A CEREMONY OF CONSECRATING THE BELLS: In the basilica of St. Paul in Rome, Cardinal Giobbe holds a consecration ceremony for six new church bells. One of the bells was donated by Pope John XXIII and it measures nearly 20 ft. in circumference and weighs 5 tons. The other bells were donated by the cities of Venice and Bergamo and by the parishioners of the church.

A SCOTSMAN IS CREATED ONE OF THE NEW CARDINALS: A Papal messenger reads the "biglietto" to Mgr. William Heard, formerly Dean of the Sacred Roman Rota, in the Palace of the Apostolic Chancellery in Rome. Mgr. Heard is the first Scot to become a Prince of the Church for a century and a half. He was one of eight new Cardinals created by the Pope at a secret Consistory. Although he was convalescing from a serious operation, Mgr. Heard showed every sign of being able to undertake successfully the more exacting ceremony later of the public Consistory in St. Peter's to receive his Cardinal's hat.



THE SECRET CONSISTORY IN THE VATICAN: Pope John, standing before his throne in the Consistorial Hall, imparts his blessing at the conclusion of the Consistory at which he elected eight prelates and members of religious orders to be cardinals. Kneeling at the throne, from left to right, are Mgr. Venini, Head of the Apostolic Almonry; Mgr. Callori di Vignale, Papal Chamberlain; Mgr. Dante, Prefect of the Vatican Ceremonial Office; Mgr. Capoferri, Secretary of the Ceremonial Office; and Mgr. Van Lierde, Papal Sacristan. It was the second such Consistory of the Pope's reign. Those elevated to the Purple did not attend, but most were in Rome and received their notifications in the traditional manner from the Papal messengers. Although they knew the Pope's intentions, they were supposed to appear surprised at the news.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

NATO MEETS IN ITS NEW HEADQUARTERS: M. Debré, the French Prime Minister, speaks in the Conference Hall in the new NATO building in Paris. On behalf of the French Government he formally handed over the building to the Council of Ministers of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. M. Debré stressed the need for unity among members of the Atlantic Alliance and made no reference to the recent reported differences between France and America on the Military Committee. Closer integration of NATO activities was also the theme of speeches by Mr. Herter and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. It was hoped this apparent harmony was an augury for a week which had its climax in the Western pre-Summit Conference.

On right—

ANGLO-AMERICAN CONSULTATION: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Herter chat together before the opening of the NATO Council. On the previous day they had had a long private talk in which it was understood that disarmament was among subjects discussed.

THE FUTURE OF EUROPEAN ECONOMY: From left are M. Benvenuti, Secretary-General of the Council of Europe, Herr von Brentano, West German Foreign Minister, and Mr. Ormsby-Gore, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs in the British Government. They were waiting for the start of the meeting of the Council of Ministers of the Council of Europe. Its discussion on the economic future of Europe opened last week's great diplomatic activity in Paris.

A BREAK FOR LUNCHEON DURING AMERICAN-GERMAN DISCUSSIONS IN BONN: Mr. Douglas Dillon (centre), the United States Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, sits with Herr Etzel (left), the West German Finance Minister; Herr Erhard, Federal Economics Minister, and interpreters. The West German capital was one of the stops Mr. Dillon made in his recent tour of Western Europe. He also conferred in London, Brussels and Paris. The American Under-Secretary of State was chiefly concerned with two topics: the effect on his own country of the current economic alignments in Europe and the possibility of increased economic aid from West Europe to under-developed areas of Asia and Africa. In Bonn his engagements included a private talk with Dr. Adenauer.

A ROYAL PRESS CONFERENCE: King Hussein of Jordan answers questions in the Jordanian Embassy in London. Among other matters, he referred to his "most satisfactory talks" with Mr. Macmillan and indicated that Jordan hopes for economic aid from Britain. While in London on a fortnight's visit, the King also saw Sir John Glubb, the former Commander of the Arab Legion.

World Affairs

1950-1960—A DECADE OF RESPITE

By JOHN CONNELL

THE year and the decade end in a swirl of conferences and of journeys by immensely important personages. Mr. Eisenhower has seen the Taj Mahal, and has thus (he says) fulfilled a desire by which he has been animated since his boyhood days in Kansas. Mr. Macleod, the British Colonial Secretary—in his own sphere hardly less important and influential a character than Mr. Eisenhower in his—has made a rapid tour of Africa and has met, among many others, Mr. Tom Mboya. I doubt very much whether a clever and industrious Fettes boy, who was uncommonly keen on bridge, ever dreamed of this particular journey and its momentous encounters.

The merit of journeys of this kind, in spite of the lavish amount of platitudinous oratory which is their inevitable accompaniment, lies, it must be supposed, in the knowledge and experience gained, the personal contacts maintained or created, and the atmosphere—however transient—of courtesy, if not of lasting goodwill, which is engendered. 1959 is bound, I think, to be remembered as the year in which the number of these journeys increased rapidly, and the pattern of them became at once more complex and more constructive. The credit for this change in the international climate, in particular in so far as it affects the West and the U.S.S.R., goes in large measure to the British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, who made the year's first, and probably most important, journey — to Moscow.

Mr. Macmillan's white fur hat gave the photographers and the cartoonists a splendid opportunity to romp; those of us with any knowledge of the eerie significance of symbols in matters of politics thought of Neville Chamberlain's umbrella and felt a tremor of foreboding. I am not yet convinced that that tremor was entirely unjustified. The passage of time, however, has shown the enormous difference between the pitifully unfortunate Neville Chamberlain and, in contemporary terms, the dazzlingly lucky Harold Macmillan. Now, almost a year after he went to Moscow, Mr. Macmillan can justly claim that his was the initiative which brought about the whole new movement in international affairs; he could if he chose, wear that white hat with undiminished *panache* here in London's wintry greyness, and challenge the pencil of the most mordant cartoonist. Far less than a twelve-month after Munich Chamberlain's umbrella, that poor, peaceful absurdity, was seen to be war's signpost.

What Chamberlain lacked in 1938, because he and Baldwin before him had thrown it away, was the greatest necessity of all for statesmen and diplomats—time. Mr. Macmillan has had time and has gained time. This is the result partly of fortune and partly of skill and courage. For the whole decade now ending is, I think, likely to be regarded as one in which, throughout the world, political leaders sought for and, in general, won time. Ten years ago this December that effort was just beginning; it was not particularly well co-ordinated, and it lacked any precise definition of long-term purpose. Political leaders, for a diversity of aims, hoped to gain a respite—of a few months perhaps, a year or two at most. We have had a decade.

This has not produced a perfect world, or even a world in which Roosevelt's Four Freedoms can be claimed to be established on any firm and lasting foundation. The Utopian vision, ever pursued, ever recedes into the distance. But need we, as individuals or as a society, be totally ashamed of what has been accomplished in the past ten years in the field of international relations, or of our own country's part in it ? I think not, for this fundamental reason of time gained. The dangers which seemed so immediate and so terrible ten years ago have not been liquidated; the potentialities of planetary self-destruction have indeed increased, and it is within humanity's capacity to kill every living thing on this earth. But humanity, compelled to recognise this as a real possibility, has boggled at committing a deed so foolish and so wicked.

We have been ten years a-boggling; and we shall probably go on with this not-very-dignified or noble, confused and rather frightened process for many more years to come. We are children too young, on any determinist view of human behaviour, to be entrusted with the toys which we have snatched out of our physical environment and twisted to perilous possible uses. But we have free will, and we have had glimpses of the peril, and recoiled in our crowded play-pen to pastimes that are more familiar and less fearful.

It would be presumptuous to credit ourselves, or our political leaders, with great wisdom. But neither we nor they, it seems, are criminal lunatics, in the sense that Adolf Hitler and his gang were. It is salutary—and it may indeed be quite heartening—to meditate on what might have befallen the world had the developments in atomic physics been made in the 1920's and 1930's which, in fact, occurred in the 1940's and the 1950's. This was the horror that never happened, but if we regard it in true historical perspective we may come to realise that the world escaped it by a pretty narrow margin.

We are now beginning to accustom ourselves to living with this sense of respite, though not of final release. It is, as I have remarked here more than once in recent months, a novel experience; but I think that it is worth admitting that the trend of events throughout almost the whole of the past decade has been in this direction. A fumbling, disorganised, often inchoate trend, but a visible and persistent trend, nevertheless.

Ten years ago, under the shock and threat of the knowledge that the Soviet Union possessed and was testing its own atomic weapons, the issues which seemed of paramount importance in international affairs were

MR. MACLEOD IN UGANDA: During his tour of Africa the Colonial Secretary talks in Entebbe with the Regents of the Mukama of Toro. The Mukama, who is Chief of a tribe, was away from the country on a private visit to Europe and America. From Uganda Mr. Macleod went to Kenya. His engagements included talks with political leaders and a visit to a camp where he saw Mau Mau detainees in various stages of rehabilitation.

the rehabilitation of war-shattered Europe and the attainment of political independence by certain intellectually advanced societies—mainly in Asia—which had existed for a century or so under European control and tutelage. China's fifty years of political convulsion had just ended in a major Communist triumph, an event of the utmost historical importance, possibly even greater than that of the October Revolution in Russia.

The British withdrawal from the sub-continent of India had been accomplished, precipitately and at a formidable cost in human life, two-and-a-half years earlier. The founding fathers of the two succession States, the Mahatma and the Qaid-i-Azam, were both dead, and their successors wrestled with the countless problems which faced them as a consequence of their achievement of freedom. On Asia's western fringe the State of Israel—a somewhat unwanted by-product of Britain's relinquishment of imperial responsibility—had even more lately established itself by its own valour, and the Arab nations which had ineffectually attempted to destroy it were in the first throes of that collective nervous breakdown, the effects of which are still distressingly, and often irritatingly, obvious.

It was the era of plans, whose purpose was to give a foundation of economic stability and strength to a confused and endangered political framework—the Marshall Plan, the Colombo Plan and Point Four aid. We have seen the working-out of these experiments, and it is clear that their part in the process of gaining time has been especially impressive.

It was the era, too, of the formation of various defence pact organisations—NATO, which has lately been under close and critical scrutiny; SEATO, which has had a chequered but far-from-useless career; and, later in the decade, the ill-conceived, ill-fated Bagdad Pact. Whatever objection one may have to each of these pacts, regarded one by one in their individual contexts—I must admit to years of dislike for, and stubborn opposition to, the Bagdad Pact—it has to be conceded that their contribution to time gained was far from negligible.

When I read now that the Soviet Union has twice as many submarines as the Atlantic Alliance, I am, for the moment, suitably chilled; but I then find considerable consolation in reflecting upon how much has been achieved with so little—and that little often ineptly deployed, on both the strategic and the tactical planes. Lord Montgomery, quite rightly, in my view, has exposed with clarity and force in his recent book the weaknesses and confusions of NATO in its present form; but it is only fair to set in the balance, against these justified contemporary criticisms, the recognition which Lord Montgomery properly accords to NATO's past achievements.

Western Europe, at a pace which, at the beginning, seemed painfully halting but became a gallop in the last years of the decade, has passed from ruin and poverty to relative affluence; and Britain—which ten years ago was in the full grip of austerity, rationing and controls—has had her considerable share in this recovery of prosperity.

All this has been accomplished without a major conflict, and lately with the possibility of that conflict steadily receding. This is not to say that the whole world has been, or is now, at peace. This would be a preposterous claim to make about a decade which has known the Korean War, Hungary, Suez, and now Chinese aggression in Central Asia. I watched and heard, on television the other night, Egyptian students, journalists and politicians, who were being interviewed by Mr. Robin Day on the resumption of diplomatic relations with Britain, proclaim in successive sentences that they were all for peace and all for the destruction of Israel.

The illegality and confusion of thought are characteristic of the epoch, on a wider plane than that of Arab and Egyptian hostility to Israel. But that illogicality and that confusion must be set against the simple, basic fact of time gained—not as an end in itself, but as a means to an end; and that end is not the establishment of the millennium next week, but the preservation of this ramshackle, imperfect, but living world.

AN IMPRESSIVE EPIC FILM: Ben-Hur, played by Charlton Heston, drives his chariot with its team of four white horses. In the new version of General Wallace's best-selling novel, produced by M.G.M., the climactic chariot race between Ben-Hur and Messala lasts for nearly half an hour. *Ben-Hur*, which runs for over 3½ hours, and is acted by a huge, international cast, is now being shown at the Empire, Leicester Square, in London.

THE SPECTACLE OF "BEN-HUR"

Scenes of the Chariot Race and the Naval Battle in the New Film Version of the Famous Epic

DURING THE CHARIOT RACE: The teams of Messala and Ben-Hur race side by side, as the drivers are locked in bitter rivalry. Nine four-horse chariots were engaged in the race in the stadium, which was built specially for the film. It covered 18 acres and contained four 30-ft.-high statues. The race took three months to film, using seventy-eight horses and 10,000 Italian extras.

THE RIVALS: During the chariot race in the Rom stadium, Ben-Hur and Messala (Stephen Boy exchange blows as they race wheel to whe

General Lew Wallace's novel of the era of the Rom Empire during the time of Jesus Christ w published in 1880. It became a best-seller and a sta version was produced in America in 1901 which r for seventeen years. The story of the tribulations the Judæan Prince, Ben-Hur, became a silent e film in 1926, starring Ramon Novarro. With the lat version, produced by M.G.M. at a cost of £5,000,0 and shot mainly in Italy, the famous story appe likely to go on breaking records. It may take m money round the world than even *Gone With the Wi*

Ben-Hur is the story of a prince of Judæa who resi the designs of the Romans to subjugate his people. earns the enmity of Messala, a former friend but n the Tribune, and is sent to the galleys. In a na battle he saves the Roman admiral from drowni and becomes his adopted son. He returns to Jud to defeat Messala in a chariot race. His attempts bring his mother and sister, who have become lepe to Jesus Christ coincide with the closing stages of t trial before Pontius Pilate, and the film ends w the Crucifixion.

In London, the critics were nearly unanimous praising the film for its spectacular scenes, includi the half-an-hour-long chariot race, and for the sincer and polish of the script. Although the credit for t writing goes to one man, Karl Tunberg, at least people worked on it, including Maxwell Anderson, S. Behrman and Christopher Fry. The film was direct by one of the best of Hollywood directors, Willia Wyler. According to him, Mr. Tunberg wrote adaptation and Mr. Fry, who worked on the film wh it was being made in Italy, most of the dialogue.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE ROMAN PAST: The wheels of the chariots leave the ground as the drivers encourage their teams during the race. The contest forms one of the most spectacular parts of the film, which cost £5,000,000 to make and seven years to produce. *Ben-Hur* was made as a silent film in 1926 and since then the famous story has been synonymous with mammoth spectacle. The present version, which was shot in technicolor and is shown on a wide screen, with stereophonic sound, was directed by William Wyler.

NAVAL BATTLE: The galleys of Rome and Macedonia attempt to ram each other and use catapults to hurl flaming fire-brands at each other. On board one of the Roman galleys, Ben-Hur, who for three years has been a galley slave, saves the life of the Roman admiral and is honoured and adopted by him. Two full-sized Roman galleys were made for use in close-ups of the battle. The film has been hailed by critics in Britain and the United States as possibly the finest epic ever produced: much of the praise was for the script.

A GREAT ENGLISH ARTIST

The Death of Sir Stanley Spencer, R.A.

Stanley Spencer was born in Cookham in 1891 and much of his life was associated with this Berkshire village. His grandfather was a builder and an amateur of music, and his father an organist and music-teacher. In the third generation the creative talent evolved into genius in another art form —painting. The young Spencer began to show this while a student at the Slade School and at the same time to draw his inspiration from religious themes.

During the First World War he served as a private soldier, seeing active service in Macedonia. His war experiences were the motive for one of his first great works, the murals in the Burghclere Oratory in Hampshire. The sixteen panels, begun in 1923, depict the daily life of a soldier and the R.A.M.C., and include scenes such as "Scrubbing Floors" and "A New Convoy Arriving at the Hospital." In 1928 the large canvas "The Resurrection" added to his reputation.

Although elected an A.R.A. in 1932, Spencer resigned his associateship three years later after a quarrel with the Academy over some of his pictures. The breach was healed in 1950 by his election as an R.A. Controversy was aroused by much of his religious work—notably, perhaps, the Cookham Regatta series of vast canvases in which, as in Spencer's other religious paintings, Christ and the other figures are in modern dress. But in the latter years of his life none denied his distinction as an artist. The award of a knighthood to him last summer was widely applauded.

"CHRIST PREACHING AT COOKHAM REGATTA": This detail is from the great unfinished work by the late Sir Stanley Spencer, who died on December 14. The artist, who was aged sixty-eight, spent most of his life at Cookham, in Berkshire. Many of his most distinguished paintings were inspired by religious themes and caused controversies.

SCENE IN HAMPSTEAD—ANOTHER UNFINISHED MURAL BY SIR STANLEY SPENCER: The artist's conceptions were so ambitious and vast in scope that some inevitably remained unfinished. Among his best-known completed works are "The Resurrection" and the murals in the Oratory of All Souls at Burghclere, near Newbury.

HONOURED BY THE NATION: The picture of Sir Stanley was taken in London last summer on the day on which he was knighted at Buckingham Palace. He was made a C.B.E. in 1950.

THE ISLAND OF GAN

The Political Complications of Britain's New Air Base in the Maldives.

The Maldive Islands have been in the news during the past few years. In the future more may be heard of them. On one of the islands, Gan, Britain's new R.A.F. base will start operating early next year. It will be a vital stepping-stone on the Britain-Australia strategic air route. Further, Gan is closely concerned with the current domestic turmoil which is disturbing the Maldivians.

Geographically the Maldives consist of over 7,000 islands, some very small indeed, which are divided into clearly defined groups. Many of the islands are richly covered with coconut palms and over 250 of them are inhabited. Total population is put at between 80,000 and 85,000. The people are Muslim in religion and expert navigators and traders.

Politically the islands are a British Protectorate, ruled at present by a Sultan. Situated 420 miles south-west of Ceylon, they were within the responsibility of the Governor-General of Ceylon until after the last war. When Ceylon attained independence and became a republic, the Maldives continued as a British Protected State. To-day the responsibilities for the islands, formerly discharged by the Governor-General of Ceylon, are carried out by the United Kingdom High Commissioner in Colombo, in association with the Maldivian Representative in the capital of Ceylon. Ultimately, Whitehall controls Maldivian international relations.

During the war Britain built an airfield on Gan, which is in the Addu Atoll, the southernmost group of the islands. It was abandoned at the end of the hostilities. At that time there would have been little purpose in maintaining a military air base in the Maldives. For aircraft flying over the Indian Ocean, the Royal Air Force had a large station at Katunayake, in Ceylon. The independence of Ceylon changed the situation. When three years ago Britain began negotiations for the handing-over of Katunayake to the Ceylonese Air Force, it was decided that another Indian Ocean staging point would have to be found. The Ceylonese did not feel themselves concerned in all Britain's Asian and Far Eastern commitments.

ARCHIPELAGO IN THE NEWS: Hitaddu, lying in the Indian Ocean, is the largest island of the Addu Atoll group in the Maldive Islands, 420 miles south-west of Ceylon. *On left*—On neighbouring Gan huts have been erected to accommodate R.A.F. personnel for Britain's new air base there. Politically, Gan is claimed by a rival "government" to the established Maldivian regime.

Thus the decision was taken to reopen Gan, or rather to rebuild the airfield there so that it could be a staging point for the most up-to-date military aircraft. Work on the £4,500,000 project has finished and early next year Gan should formally replace Katunayake on the R.A.F. route to and from Australia.

In the course of the construction several thousand palm trees were cut down and practically all the local native population resettled on the neighbouring island of Fedu, which is connected with Gan by a causeway. To-day a runway stretches along the 1¼-mile length of the island, hutted encampments accommodate the R.A.F. personnel and the offices necessary for the maintenance of the station. Jetties have been built from the shore so that ships bringing in supplies can be berthed without danger of scraping the coral reefs which surround Gan and most other Maldive islands.

There would be little more to report were it not for the political situation in the Maldives, which is as complex as most political situations elsewhere. Although Gan itself is virtually a static aircraft-carrier, for which the Air Ministry is responsible, the present political alignment of the natives who live on the neighbouring islands must impinge on it.

(*Continued on following pages*)

AN IMPORTANT CHANNEL IN BRITAIN'S COMMUNICATIONS WITH AUSTRALIA: Between the Islands of Gan and Wilingili and their surrounding coral reefs is a deep-water channel centre of picture). Through this channel ships and tankers bring supplies to the Royal Air Force base on Gan, which is preparing to operate traffic early next year. The Mal Islands airfield will be a vital staging point on the Britain-Australia air route, taking the place of Katunayake, in Ceylon, which is now controlled by the Colombo Governm

THE ISLAND OF GAN

(*Continued from previous page*)

As already noted, the Maldives are a Sultanate. As far as can be ascertained, the right of Britain to establish the Gan air base is not disputed by the Central Maldivian Government, which has its capital on the island of Malé. Various treaties have agreed that Britain can set up air bases in the Maldives for the defence of the islands or any other part of the Commonwealth.

One of these treaties was signed in 1953, when the Maldives were embarking on an experimental period as a republic. Under President Amin Didi a policy of reform was started, for which the Islands were not ready. Within a few months the President was exiled. Reappearing unexpectedly in Malé, he suffered a savage death from an incensed multitude. The Sultanate was brought back, with a new ruler, and a theoretically liberal constitution was promulgated. Early this year the standard of revolt against this regime was raised in the southern islands, which include Gan. Mr. Afif Didi ("Didi" is both a family name and a Maldivian title of honour) proclaimed himself "President of the United Suvadive Islands." In some of the dissident islands the revolt was put down by the Central Government with appalling severity. Flogging or deportation were the penalties for the rebels.

Yet around Gan the Afif Didi regime survives, Press representatives recently visiting the airfield discover "President" Afif received them on Fedu island explained why he opposed the Central Government what he proposed to do to give the Maldives a "democrat regime.

The United Kingdom Government is in a diffi position. It does not recognise Afif. On the other ha he and his adherents surround the Gan airbase. W Whitehall has done is to offer its good services betw the Sultan's ministers and the "United Suvadive Island Britain is particularly anxious to do all possible to av a repetition of the brutalities of a year ago by M against the dissidents. The task, for which Whitel is well fitted, would seem to be one of reach compromise between the Maldivian rivals.

A CORAL STRAND IN THE INDIAN OCEAN: The seas break on the coral reef which surrounds Gan and other islands to make up the Addu Atoll. The airstrip runs down the centre of G which is 1½ miles long and ¾ mile wide. Over 11,000 palm trees were cleared away and almost all the native population resettled on the neighbouring island of Fedu so that Royal Air Force staging point could be constructed. The work, which is now nearly completed, began three years ago and has been carried out by Maldivian and Pakistani labo

MILITARY AND POLITICAL: Flight-Sergeant Ian Harris, of Ealing, stands at the end of the causeway joining Gan and Fedu. *On left*—Native fishing boats fly the flag of the "United Suvadive Islands," the self-proclaimed independent Maldivian "Republic" under the "Presidency" of Mr. Afif Didi, who opposes the Sultan.

£4,500,000 CONSTRUCTION PREPARES TO OPERATE: The huts in the foreground provide some of the living accommodation for the 400 R.A.F. men on Gan. From the shore long jetties have been built for berthing supply ships. The runway is on the right. The cost of building the base has been about £4,500,000. Among Christmas festivities for the R.A.F. here it was reported that boat races had been arranged. Tour of duty on Gan is for one year. A unit of the Royal Air Force Regiment is responsible for the ground defences.

UPROAR OVER PICCADILLY CIRCUS

After the Publication of a Scheme for the Private Development of the Monico Site, there was Criticism of the L.C.C. and the Ministry of Housing; A Public Inquiry Opened Last Week

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

MR. HENRY BROOKE is not the most perceptive, and certainly not the most sensitive, of Ministers. That he should have changed his mind, and so very quickly, about the Monico site in Piccadilly Circus is evidence enough of the depth of feeling aroused by the proposed building, not only in Parliament but among the general public. Mr. Brooke ought to have realised from the start that this is not a local affair, not the concern of Londoners alone. Piccadilly Circus occupies a very special place in the hearts and thoughts of Britons and members of the Commonwealth everywhere. Still, it may be said, better late than never. While that is undoubtedly true, it should be remembered that Mr. Brooke has not revoked the London County Council's consent to the building, as he has power to do: all he did was to set up a public inquiry (not in itself a very satisfactory arrangement), which opened on December 16.

It will be remembered that, to begin with, the Minister refused to interfere. Whether his change of mind will result in anything very much better remains to be seen. Nobody can feel very confident about that, since the final decision will, presumably, be taken by Mr. Brooke himself. As he is a politician that must mean, I suppose, that it will be a compromise between all the different schools of thought and the financial interests involved.

I have a feeling that the financial interests will carry disproportionate weight. Piccadilly Circus ought to be redesigned as a whole: a piecemeal development can never be worthy of the site, and I imagine that everybody, except the speculators, would subscribe to that view. At one time the London County Council certainly did. In October 1958 it published a far-sighted and most exciting plan for the complete re-development of Piccadilly Circus. But not very long after that plan was published the Council decided that it could not go ahead with it. The thing cost too much money. It might have meant, I suppose, that the L.C.C. would have had to buy the land. So the re-development of the Monico site was left to private enterprise, with a probable consequence of the piecemeal development of the whole Circus with financial interests paramount.

The more one reads about the Monico site the more it seems evident that the financial interest has been paramount. Certainly there has been no attempt to conform to the plan put forward by the L.C.C. architects. As that plan was not adopted by the Council there is no reason whatever why private developers should consider it, and they would be foolish indeed if they did not put their financial interests first. One cannot expect anything else. The point is that the same sort of thing is going to happen elsewhere round Piccadilly Circus if some pretty definite action is not taken. It is very difficult to see how the financial interest can be modified and Piccadilly Circus re-designed as a whole, unless the Government either finances the development itself or helps the L.C.C. to do so. It would surely not be a very unprofitable exercise in the use of public money. Should the proposed office block for the Monico site go up as designed, it would appear to be well nigh impossible for the L.C.C. to find any way of coercing other speculators into providing improved amenities for pedestrians and traffic.

If Piccadilly Circus is not going to be re-designed as a whole, preferably along the lines of the L.C.C. plan, then I cannot, personally, see that it matters very much what sort of building is erected on any particular site. Piccadilly Circus, except at night, is a mess, anyway. That does not mean that I like the building which it is proposed should be erected on the Monico site. It seems to be generally agreed by the experts that it is a thoroughly bad bit of architecture.

It seems to me to be a particularly hideous example of what Mr. John Betjeman has stigmatised as "slab" building. (I notice that he is careful to avoid the use of the word "architecture" in this connection.) I do not like "slab" building; I suspect because I do not understand it. It is evident from the remarks of the architectural hierarchy that there are great differences as between one slab building and another, but they are not easily apparent to the uneducated. Maybe I am just old-fashioned, but I confess to finding the family likeness all too strong. I find it very difficult to tell one modern block of flats from another, one modern office block from another. They all look pretty much the same to me: impersonal, rectangular structures, such as a small child might erect with spelling bricks. The use of the word "functional" does not impress me: the smallest room in the house is also functional.

What seems to have happened is that we no longer have an English architecture, drawing its inspiration from English soil. It seems to me that we are now drawing our inspiration, though I doubt if that is quite the right word, from the United States and Scandinavia, especially Sweden. It used not to be so. Even the jerry-building of the '20's—the mock-Tudor, the ribbon development, the long strings of semi-detacheds that sprang up along the by-passes—was typically English. It was far from admirable, but at least you did not see anything like it abroad. You did know when you were home.

It is going to be pretty difficult to know where you are soon—I mean just from the buildings. Everywhere, in every large town in England, these high blocks of flats with as many people as possible crammed on to the smallest possible space, and these huge office blocks, are going up. They all look just about as alike as two frozen peas. It may be all right so far as the office blocks are concerned; it is obviously profitable, anyway, or they would not be going up. But with the flats it is well to remember that the Swedes, with almost every possible modern convenience, are perhaps the least contented, the unhappiest, of Western peoples.

PROPOSED FOR PICCADILLY CIRCUS: This picture of a model for the building on the Monico site shows that the main front façade will be covered with a huge block of advertisements. The structure on the roof is a crane for moving the illuminated advertisements. Subsequently, after much criticism, some minor alterations were made to the design.

This standardisation is prompted by financial interest and not by the inability of our architects to think of anything better. The more people or the more offices you can cram into one building, the more rents, and the greater the return on your money. In the process our towns are being robbed of character. Though the process has been speeded up enormously with the re-building since the war, the standardisation is not a new phenomenon by any means. It has been going on for a long time, at least, in commercial building. Some of the big multiple stores have had their own standardised shop-fronts for many years now, and some have had their house colours. You have no need to look for the name over the door. It makes no difference whether you are in Newcastle or Southampton, Brighton or Birmingham, the exterior of the building will be precisely the same. You can recognise the multiple tailor, for example, at a glance. Shopping streets used to have their own individual characters. Now there is about all of them, main shopping streets anyway, a stamp which has removed all character.

Though, personally, I find it rather dull, perhaps it does not matter very much, for you can no longer absorb the personality of any sizeable town in the daytime. You can get the atmosphere of a town, of course, and very quickly. But that is not the same thing at all. The atmosphere of a town is given to it by its inhabitants. It may be an atmosphere of bustle or of indolence. Whatever it is, it is the people that give it.

I have always thought that Bridgwater is one of the best examples of this. It is a very considerable place, virtually the capital of the Somerset fenland. That fenland in the olden days was impenetrable, mist-laden and mysterious: a good place to hide in. Drainage has altered all that, but not as much as you might think. The fenland folk still live on the islands and on the ridges. It is still wild, silent country, aloof and ancient; once the refuge of kings and Christianity, still the home of ducks and fogs and eels and floods. But you do not see nor feel any of this in daytime Bridgwater. Daytime Bridgwater is just an ordinary country town with nothing very special about its appearance. It is very busy, traffic-jammed and not a place which encourages you to loiter and look at buildings.

But walk about Bridgwater at night, when the streets are deserted and the lights cold. The buildings come into their own. This is the time when you can really feel that stones live; this is the time when you absorb the personality of a town, when you know if it is friendly or hostile, open or secretive. In Bridgwater market-place stands Admiral Blake, which is just another statue in the daytime, not very impressive because there is no time to stand and stare in busy Bridgwater. At night he is grim, frowning, severe, terribly impressive. The spire of St. Mary's Church is in the daytime just another spire. You have barely time to look up at it. Anyway, people do not look upwards in towns nowadays: it is much too dangerous. At night, against the light of stars, that spire is exquisitely graceful and the tower very oddly low. And, around it, Bridgwater is huddled, as secretive as the fenland all around.

It is much the same everywhere. The main shopping street has been taken over by the well-known chromium and black, the well-known green, the well-known red, the arcaded shop-front, the neon sign: uniform, characterless. Only the roofline has been left untouched, and you dare not stop on the pavement to stare up at the roofs opposite. If the street should hold a noble building, what chance have you of stopping to examine it?

The answer, if you value your life, is "none whatever." Consider Sir George Oatley's soaring University Tower at Bristol, one of the loveliest things of its kind in Britain. You get excellent distant views of it from many points in Bristol, for Bristol is a city of hills. Close to, in the daytime, you would scarcely know it was there. You get a view from the foot of Park Street, but a hurried glimpse only, for Park Street is busy. I think that there must be many people who have seen this beautiful tower from a distance and been quite unaware of it when in the heart of the city. Only at night can you stand and stare, and then the tower is too vast to be absorbed fully. Sometimes they floodlight the University Tower and bring to this part of Bristol a breathtaking beauty. This brings me back (by a roundabout route, I admit) to Piccadilly Circus.

It is apparent that the chief concern of the general public about the Monico site is not what sort of a building is put up there, but the possibility that the electric advertising signs may disappear from a re-designed Piccadilly Circus. I think that the thing that has caused the most concern to the general public in this controversy is not that the proposed building is just another slab, but that the electric signs are to be huddled together in one place. The people who think this the thin end of the wedge are right. Piccadilly Circus is known the world over for its bright lights. They are the appeal of the place; they typify the personality of the place: brash and vulgar. They mean, for thousands of people, excitement, adventure, a gay time, night life. Take them away, control them, and you will kill Piccadilly Circus for thousands of folk.

Is it not a pity that this use of light at night should only be done, except very rarely, for commercial reasons? Even when used for commercial reasons it can, of course, be beautiful. Consider the Regent Street lights at Christmas-time. There is something that is really beautiful. Thousands come from all over the country to see them, and go away the better for it, which is not always, I suspect, the case with the lights of Piccadilly Circus. The Regent Street custom is now spreading to other towns, which is all to the good.

I should not like to see towns everywhere floodlit. I think that they are much more exciting and impressive darkened. But, look again at University Tower, Bristol. Would it not be good if this could be done frequently for beautiful buildings throughout the country? It is not, however, the good that counts; it is the material return. We are back to the financial interest. There is no avoiding it. Certainly not in Piccadilly Circus.

PLANS FOR PICCADILLY CIRCUS: An artist's impression of the revised design for the building on the Monico site was shown in London for the first time two days before the public inquiry opened. *Left*—The L.C.C. comprehensive scheme for the Circus is seen in model form. The building (centre left) is on the Monico site.

Although in the days before the public inquiry opened into the Monico site project for Piccadilly Circus an amount of tinkering was done to the design of Island (Piccadilly) Development Limited, the original objections remained valid. Basically there have been two arguments over the development round the Circus: one of them is æsthetic and the other is practical. The proposed structure, with its huge front façade a solid block of advertisements surmounted by a retractable crane, may be hideous. But the most important consideration is whether the rebuilding of the area should follow a comprehensive plan or be left to competing private speculators.

There are three key sites, the Criterion block, the Monico site and the London Pavilion site, of which last the freehold is held by the L.C.C. At a public inquiry in October 1958, two comprehensive schemes, roughly similar, were produced by the L.C.C. In these, the pedestrians are provided with pavements 18 ft. above ground, on three sides of the large central rectangle. Coventry Street is spanned by a bridge and there is greatly increased acreage for roadways. The block on the Monico site is 130 ft. (that proposed by the private developers is 172 ft.). Although it appears that little has been done to promote the comprehensive scheme, it does provide those amenities necessary for the Circus. More and more people meet there and there is an average traffic flow of 55,000 vehicles a day.

REBUILDING LONDON

Piccadilly Circus; St. Thomas's Hospital; Crystal Palace

A PROPOSED SPORTS CENTRE AT CRYSTAL PALACE: The model shows a stadium (foreground), comprising a football pitch with a running track. A pedestrian bridge links it to the sports hall. In the far corner is an eleven-storey hostel. The buildings will occupy 36 acres and stand about 500 yards south of Paxton's glass palace. At a cost of a little over £2,000,000, the National Youth and Sports Centre will provide a home for a wide range of amateur sport.

THE NEW ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL: Work on the new buildings on the Albert Embankment is due to start next year. The scheme, the first phase of which is expected to cost a little under £2,500,000, will take ten or twelve years to complete. Covering 14 acres, it will change the appearance of the South Bank opposite the Houses of Parliament. The scheme will make good war damage losses and concentrate in one group the various sections of St. Thomas's Hospital.

HOME-MADE AIR TRANSPORT: *Left*—With both hands off the controls, Wing-Commander Kenneth Wallis demonstrates his confidence in his home-made machine. Below is the River Ardur passing through the outskirts of Shoreham, in Sussex. *Right*—The pilot flies in the autogyro which he built himself in the garage of his home at Southwick. Wing-Commander Wallis, who is a former bomber pilot and is forty-three years old, spent nine months in building the autogyro. The parts from which it is constructed cost only about £200. The engine giving the machine forward speed develops 72 h.p. and produces a maximum speed of approximately 80 m.p.h. As well as being responsible for the construction, Wing-Commander Wallis designed the machine himself.

FLYING HIGH

A Privately Developed British Autogyro; a U.S.A.F. Helicopter in a Record Attempt; a Helicopter Armed with French Missiles

On right—

GETTING READY FOR TAKE OFF: In his own small car, Wing-Commander Wallis tows his autogyro on to the tarmac at Shoreham airport, from where he makes his test flights. The pilot has expressed satisfaction with the performance of his machine and has said that he hopes to use it to travel between his home in Southwick, Hampshire, and his station at Fighter Command Headquarters, Stanmore, Middlesex.

SEEKING AN ALTITUDE RECORD: A United States Air Force Kaman H-43B Huskie helicopter takes off from the airfield of its builders, the Kaman Aircraft Corporation, at Bloomfield, Connecticut. Piloted by Captain Walter L. Hodgson, of Edwards Air Force Base, California, the machine, it was claimed, broke the Russian-held world record altitude of 21,982 ft. for helicopters. Within 40 minutes of leaving the ground the pilot radioed that he was at 29,000 ft. and still climbing. The H-43B Huskie was developed as a crash rescue helicopter for the U.S.A.F. In this capacity it carries a rescue crew of two in addition to the pilot, and fire-fighting equipment. A version for civilian use gives a range of 210 miles at a cruising speed of 113 m.p.h.

ANOTHER ROLE FOR THE HELICOPTER: At Fort Worth, in Texas, an armed helicopter prepares to take off on an exercise. It carries six SS.11 (Nord 5210) guided missiles, made by Nord-Aviation, Société Nationale de Constructions Aéronautiques, of France. The carrying of rockets is a relatively new role for the helicopter. The SS.11, weighing 78 lb. with warhead, has a maximum speed of 435 m.p.h. and a range of 2.2 miles. It utilises a wire command guidance system and can penetrate 19.7 ins. of steel plate. Rotating in flight, the SS.11 has swept wings and a solid-propellant motor. It is in quantity production for the French forces and has been evaluated by both the American and British armies. The SS.11 was developed from the SS.10, one of the few guided weapons to be used in action. The SS.10 was employed successfully by the Israeli Army against Egyptian tanks at Suez.

JOURNEY INTO SPACE

An American Monkey is Recovered After a Voyage in a Rocket

At the beginning of December, a 7-lb. Rhesus monkey, named Sam, made a 55-mile journey out into space, paving the way for a human astronaut. The voyage made by the small cinnamon-coloured monkey lasted only 13 minutes; its primary purpose was to test the emergency escape mechanism which will be used on the Mercury manned space capsule, which is planned to carry the first American into space some time in 1961. The occasion was significant in that, although other monkeys and animals have been recovered alive from space, it was the first time that an animal had been flown in a mock-up of the 1-ton satellite capsule for Project Mercury.

The capsule was placed in the nose of a vehicle boosted by eight Little Joe rockets, which was fired from the launching pad of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration station on Wallops Island, Virginia. The trip ended 200 miles out in the Atlantic. It was some hours before the monkey was picked up by the U.S.S. *Borie*, owing to high seas. Looking like a small Egyptian mummy in his form-fitting space suit and couch, the monkey was placed in a 100-lb. "biopack container." It was trained to carry out a simple movement to determine its ability to perform reflex actions during the high stresses and conditions of weightlessness. Various instruments measured the animal's physical reactions during the flight.

Below—

OFF ON THE JOURNEY: The booster, consisting of a cluster of Little Joe rockets, leaves the launching pad on Wallops Island, carrying the monkey in the nose capsule. This was a mock-up for that to be used in Project Mercury, the American plan to launch a man into space.

BACK FROM SPACE: A 7-lb. Rhesus monkey, named Sam, is lifted out of the pack in which he travelled 55 miles into space, during a journey lasting 13 minutes. The monkey was fired in a capsule, mounted on an American rocket fired from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration station on Wallops Island, Virginia.

On right—

FISHED OUT OF THE SEA: The capsule, containing the monkey, is recovered from the Atlantic by the American destroyer U.S.S. *Borie*. Attempts to retrieve the capsule were delayed by heavy seas. It was seven hours after the monkey had left the launching pad before it was reported to be alive.

The Sphere of Travel

THE APPEAL OF SOUTH AFRICA

In Cape Town; on the "Riviera of the Indian Ocean"; Sightseeing Tours to the National Parks; and Famous Beauty Spots

By GORDON COOPER

MANY of us must sometimes long for the idyllic holiday during which we can get a full amount of relaxation tempered by a reasonable amount of contrasting interest and activities. In this connection I can think of no more admirable a trip than that to South Africa. First, there is that best of all cures: a leisurely sea voyage. Then, suddenly one morning, you wake up and go on deck to look on one of the world's loveliest landfalls: Cape Town, with the slopes of Table Mountain providing a superb backcloth. The sun will be shining, and as you step on land you can hardly fail to be struck with the colourful contrasts.

I have stated that the sun will be shining; and this is fully borne out by the records, for not only does Cape Town have double the hours of bright sunshine yearly as compared to London, but it even excels those other well-known sunshine spots, the Riviera and Southern California. Again, during the first three months of the year the rainfall is practically negligible, for the rains fall mostly between May and September, the winter months. Accompanying the dry sunshine the average temperature during this period ranges between 60 and 80 degrees. So you have little reason to fear unusual climatic conditions, which can sometimes spoil a holiday when away from home.

What is the appeal of South Africa ? For some it may lie in the sophistication of prosperous, teeming modern cities, such as Cape Town, Johannesburg, Pretoria and Durban. But to others, including myself, the outstanding lure is provided by the limitless landscapes where tribesfolk in beehive huts tend their herds and flocks to the haunting, plaintive songs and music of the Bantu people. Again, often in my London home, especially when it is rainy and foggy outside, I dream of South Africa's golden beaches washed by the tropic seas, and the cool peaks of inland mountains.

Little towns, called "dorps," dot the arid vastness of the dry regions, while in contrast there is the music of waterfalls among the bracken of pine-green slopes and the jagged blue serrations of dramatic escarpments cutting the sky at 11,000 ft. It is a land where one may photograph lions at large, elephants, giraffes and all the big game of Africa, from the comfortable security of one's car window. Altogether South Africa presents a vast picture, a land of contrasts, and all of them unforgettable.

How best to plan a holiday in South Africa? You may have friends or relatives to visit. But if not, then you have, I think, three clear choices open to you: (*a*) to spend your time in and around Cape Town; (*b*) to choose some pleasant beach resort, possibly in Natal, where along its "Riviera of the Indian Ocean" there are many attractive resorts, some of which bear fascinating Zulu names such as Unkomaas, Isipingo, and Umhlanga Rocks; and (*c*) a sightseeing tour.

Among the sightseeing tours which are organised by the Railway Administration as well as by private operators, the regular motor-coach service between Cape Town and Durban, with night stops at Wilderness, Port Elizabeth, East London and Kokstad, is to be recommended. Then, from Durban you can continue through to Johannesburg, with a night stop at the Royal Natal National Park. From Johannesburg, you may well enjoy a four-day tour of the famous Kruger National Park, sleeping in the rest-houses there. An alternative suggestion is to go farther north into Southern Rhodesia to view the Victoria Falls, Bulawayo, Rhodes' grave in the Matopos, and possibly Salisbury. While this trip can well be made in one direction by road transport, yet I consider the return trip is best made by train. For while the scenery of the Northern Transvaal and Southern Rhodesia has its own special fascination, yet it does tend to become monotonous.

On returning to Johannesburg, I suggest you might well like to travel by the "Blue Train," a *de luxe* express, which is ranked among the finest trains of the world, back to Cape Town. This train takes 26½ hours for the 999-mile journey; it is air-conditioned and sound-proofed, sleeping berths are available, and expertly-cooked meals are served in the restaurant car, which has also a cocktail bar. Shower-baths are provided, so that, in fact, you do travel in great comfort and even luxury. Not least of the attractions of train travel in South Africa is that on a long journey the passengers become friendly, so that time passes almost too quickly.

A pleasant alternative to the rather lengthy tours I have suggested is one which takes you round the "Garden Route," a leisurely coach tour of ten days, with night stops at Montagu, Oudtshoorn (two nights), Knysna (two nights), Wilderness (three nights), Albertinia. This t brings you to the most picturesque section of the Sou African coastline, and here, in a forest setting, are ma delightful places, including seaside resorts. Then Oudtshoorn you will surely wish to visit an ostrich far During a ten-year period just prior to the First World W feather production was at its highest; and one pound weig of prime plumes fetched £105 and a pair of breeding bi as much as £1,000. Although the breeding of ostriches profit was threatened with extinction, the position is n improving, for apart from the feathers, ostrich skins find ready market. Ostriches, by the way, swallow almo anything, from bullets to tennis balls, and seem qu unconcerned about their diet. And one egg (ostric provides a most substantial meal. It is equivalent to two doz hens' eggs, and the hard shell can be a quarter-inch thick. T taste is much the same as for the usual breakfast egg.

A FAMOUS ANGLING CENTRE: Boats lie on the shore Cape Town. Hermanus offers rock angling, surf fish

ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

Yachts sail over the calm water before the sea front of San Remo, the largest winter resort on the Italian Riviera. Its villas and gardens lie in an amphitheatre between Capo Nero and the Capo Verde in a wide bay which is five miles across. The horseshoe of hills protects San Remo from the north winds and it possesses an equable climate even in winter. Sailing races take place at the resort on New Year's Day and throughout the winter and spring seasons. The old town of San Remo, built on a hill, is a maze of narrow streets and steps.

GORDON COOPER'S HOTEL "OSCARS" FOR 1959

Every year in giving my awards to those hotels in which I have stayed during the past twelve months I must stress that my choice hinges entirely on those establishments I have especially liked, without consideration of their official classification. A modest inn can often bring as much delight to me as a luxury hotel.

From the eighty-odd hotels in which I have lodged, premier place must be given to the BUTLER ARMS, Waterville (Kerry), which is my idea of the perfect holiday hotel, for in addition to the attraction of the surrounding countryside and coast the owners of this establishment—the Huggard family—demonstrate that you don't necessarily have to go abroad to find standards of super-excellence, including a happy, friendly environment. The cuisine, too, is first class. In Ireland, I also wish to give a commendation to the SHELBOURNE HOTEL, Dublin.

England: My only choice this year, alas, is the HAYTOR, in Stratford-upon-Avon; it is comfortable, pleasant in every way, and does not cater for coach-lunches—a rarity in this town.

France: While my outstanding gastronomic meal for 1959 was undoubtedly at PYRAMIDE, in Vienne, yet this most famous of French restaurants has no room accommodation. I give my award, therefore, to the quite modest L'AJASSERIE, a *logis* in Orcival (Auvergne), which is just the kind of village inn that delights the keen traveller in France.

Switzerland: Undoubtedly, the PALACE HOTEL, in Gstaad is unexcelled among Swiss luxury establishments. Especially notable is its superb service. But I liked equally well the ALPINA, in Mürren, where from my bedroom window I looked out on the most glorious of mountain views. And the hotel itself leaves nothing to be desired.

Italy: The MIRAMONTI PALACE, in Cortina d'Ampezzo, is my premier selection.

Yugoslavia: The extremely simple TOURIST INN at Sopocani is a perfect escapist's haunt, while on the Dalmatian Coast my first choice is the AVALA, Budvah, with the EXCELSIOR in Dubrovnik as a runner-up.

Tangier: Although some distance from the beach the ERMITAGE is outstanding for its cuisine in this pleasant holiday centre.

...us, a small holiday resort about seventy miles south-west of ...ing from boats, and many different varieties of fish are caught.

TABLE MOUNTAIN, IN CAPE PROVINCE: The South African landmark is seen from the beach at Blaauwerg, on the opposite side of Table Bay. Cape Town is below Table Mountain, which rises to a height of 3,549 ft.

Another way of spending a South African holiday, at ...in part, would be to travel out to Cape Town via the ...Coast, returning by the East Coast. The Union-...Line run a monthly service in the latter case, with ...some interesting ports, including Lourenço Marques, ...Dar es Salaam, Zanzibar, Mombasa and Aden. ...is by a one-class ship, and the fares for the whole ...Round Africa journey are from £263. The journey ...Cape Town back to London via East Coast takes ...a month.

For the truly adventurous, there is also the possibility ...velling overland to South Africa. I suppose I get ...average a letter a month asking me for details. ...are various routes, but for those who wish to make ...of public transport this is a suitable itinerary: Cairo ...Shellal steamer—Wadi Halfa (Sudan) rail—Khartoum rail—Kosti steamer—Juba road service—Masindi Town (Uganda) road service—Masindi Port steamer—Namasagali rail—Kampala rail—Port Bell steamer—Mwanza (Tanganyika) rail—Kigoma steamer—Albertville (Belgian Congo) rail—Kabalo rail—Bukama rail—Elizabethville rail—Livingstone (N. Rhodesia), Bulawayo (S. Rhodesia), Cape Town rail. This itinerary can also be followed in the reverse direction, but anyone wishing to make this transcontinental journey is strongly advised to have all his travel plans made on his behalf by an experienced travel agency.

Of the possibilities for a holiday in South Africa I have only been able in this article to mention some outstanding ones. It goes without saying that there are many variations from which to choose. In the long run you will probably be guided by the things that interest you most and visit the places that provide them. It can safely be claimed, too, that should you wander off the beaten track you will never experience difficulties.

In conclusion remember always that the South Africans, whether white or coloured, are a friendly, informal people. Take your journey in a leisurely manner if possible. Remember that old South African proverb: "To-morrow is another day." If you bear that in mind you can leave the rest to the sunshine and the serenity of the countryside.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

Ellerman Lines, 29-34, Cockspur Street, S.W.1.
Union Castle Line, 19-21, Old Bond Street, W.1.
South African Tourist Corporation, 70, Piccadilly, London, W.1 (for advice).
South African Railways Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2 (for detailed information on transport, accommodation and costs).

METHODS AND PRICES OF TRAVELLING ROUND BRITAIN

British rail fares are, even now, only a little more than twice what they were in 1938. Other goods ...services have increased three and four times, yet ...is it that an extra farthing a mile is always given ...widespread publicity? Looking through the ...st edition of the *A.B.C. Railway Guide*, which ...ains the new fares, it is astonishing to find how ...sonably priced they still are. For an example, the ...ond-class single fare from London to Cambridge ...10s. 6d., a distance of 55¾ miles.

A small horse-powered car can complete the same ...ney at a cost, so the Automobile Association ...gests, of 8d. a mile, which is 37s. Admittedly the ...rage motorist considers that he would only expend ...gallons of petrol for such a run and dismisses the ...t as being slightly less than 10s.

Other new fares which may be of interest are the ...-class return fare to Pitlochry at £12 16s., and ...ssibly the longest train journey from London to ...urso, in Caithness, a distance of 722 miles, at ...ctically the same price, return, second class: ...4s. is now the second-class return fare from London ...Newquay. Curiously enough, it is the fares for the ...rter distances which appear to be expensive, such as the ...return from Reigate to London at 7s. 4d., second class. ...long-distance, however, rail is at one and the same ...still the most comfortable, quickest and cheapest ...of travelling. If only British Railways, like B.E.A., ...uld adopt the principle of cheap night fares throughout ...r system, the needs of everyone would be met.

A good deal of initiative has been shown recently ...the development of cruises on inland waterways. ...example, there is a canal cruise between Oxford ...Birmingham taking about five days, the passengers ...ying each night at really good hotels en route. ...cially-constructed boats leave on Mondays, the ...usive fare being £27 10s.

An unusual cruise by the motor vessel *Water ...nderer* leaves Nottingham for Boston at regular ...rvals next summer. On the way, along the Trent ...Fossdyke, you can see Southwell Minster, Newark ...stle, Lincoln Cathedral, Woodhall Spa and Boston ...mp. You sleep on board, where there is ample ...commodation. The single cabin fare is £30 and ...a double cabin £25 is charged for each person.

W. D. C. C.

IN A SOUTH AFRICAN HOLIDAY RESORT: The rondavels are in the grounds of the Wilderness Hotel, in The Wilderness, a town nine miles from George, in Cape Province. The holiday resort overlooks the Indian Ocean, and nearby are a string of lakes running parallel to the coast for several miles. In the vicinity is the Ebb and Flow Nature Reserve.

"ALADDIN" AT THE COLISEUM

A Pantomime in London

In the West End of London on Thursday of last week the pantomime season opened with Harold Fielding's presentation of *Aladdin* at the Coliseum. It contains an impressive array of talent, including an American principal girl and new songs by the American composer Cole Porter. A departure from pantomime tradition is that the principal boy is male—the British television comedian Bob Monkhouse. Tradition holds, however, with the retention of the masculine dame, played for the first time by the comedian Ronald Shiner. At the Palladium, *Humpty Dumpty* does away with both these traditions. The changes have been made, it has been stated, for the benefit of the younger generation, reared in the more realistic school of television. Lavish sets and costumes are the order of things at both pantomimes. Those at the Coliseum are by Loudon Sainthill. The script of *Aladdin* is written by Peter Coke, and Robert Helpmann, whose first pantomime production this is, is both director and choreographer. The whole presentation has cost about £90,000.

THE PANTOMIME SEASON OPENS IN LONDON: Impressively costumed, the cast of *Aladdin* brings down the curtain at the end of the first act. The pantomime, which opened at the Coliseum on Thursday of last week, has music and lyrics by Cole Porter. Direction and choreography are by Robert Helpmann.

On left—

SCENES FROM "ALADDIN": Widow Twankey (centre), played by Ronald Shiner, talks to Abanazar (left), played by Alan Wheatley. At the other end of the table is Aladdin (Bob Monkhouse). *Right*—The hero, who is now under the influence of the Genie, is out of his rags as he flies away on his magic carpet.

TWO DUETS: The Emperor, played by Ian Wallace, and Widow Twankey are in a comic love-scene in the pantomime at the Coliseum. *Right*—The Princess and Aladdin sing a duet in the betrothal scene towards the end of the first act. Doretta Morrow, a singer and actress from the United States, takes the part of the Princess.

CHEAPER LONG-PLAYING RECORDS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

THOUGH we are still some way short of the long-playing record I saw on sale in Times Square, in New York, some years ago, which offered a course of lessons to teach your "parrakeet" how to talk, British business this year has been putting a considerably wider variety of things "on record" than ever before. A number of souvenir and greeting cards that one can play on a gramophone are being marketed; one or two companies have sent out flexible records instead of Christmas cards this year; and the Talking Book Company Ltd. has begun to sell lessons in dancing, singing games, and keep fit exercises on long-playing records. The Rank Organisation, which entered the gramophone record business for the first time last year, might indeed decide to begin "publishing" a complete magazine on long-playing records, having bought British rights to a Continental system called "Sonorama." This offers a number of very thin and flexible long-players fitted into a magazine format; it can be rolled up and sent through the post. Apart from the possibilities of bringing out such a magazine, this process of making very thin vinyl records would serve it for other purposes. It is already using 16 r.p.m. records: this is a speed that many people who have bought record-players since 1958 have available on their machines.

This buzz of fresh activities on the periphery of the gramophone record business has accompanied a somewhat curious year for that basic business itself. It has been a year of considerable change in the British record market, with a widening both in the number of substantial competitors and in the price range for the long-playing discs—superimposed, as it happened, upon a break in the rapid expansion that sales had been enjoying over the last few years. Quite how much the sharpening of competition had to do with the recession in sales is a matter of debate within the trade; but certainly any of the newcomers who launched themselves upon this market with the assumption that it was a supremely easy one will have been disappointed.

Not that such an assumption would have looked silly, two years ago. Between 1954 and 1957, British record manufacturers' total sales had practically doubled; since their exports grew much less than this, the home market had grown at an even faster pace. They pressed nearly 80,000,000 records, against about 51,000,000 in 1954; but as they were steadily producing a higher proportion of the more expensive long-playing discs, the value mounted from just over £7,000,000 (at manufacturers' wholesale prices, exclusive of purchase tax) to more than £14,000,000. Yet in 1958, this triumphant advance was halted in its tracks; total sales dropped slightly, and home sales stayed about level. In the first three-quarters of 1959 sales were 8 per cent. down on last year, though by September they were rather better than in September 1958, and sales have risen rapidly since.

This was a fairly chastening experience for a trade that had been of late prospering so much more than the average—particularly as its sales began to level off and dip slightly just at the time that the Government began to relax its restraints on credit, and have been in the doldrums during twelve months or so of boom in personal spending as a whole. Records may indeed have felt some external effects from this very shift in economic policy. For three years of fairly tight credit, some of the public had still had a fairly comfortable margin of disposable income, but rather less chance than before to invest it in consumer durables that required a substantial amount of cash down. The gramophone record is no more and no less of a luxury than, say, a portable radio, a scooter, or other possessions the well-paid young nowadays aspire to; but you can buy one or two for cash out of the spare money from a weekly pay packet without any saving up for deposits. There seems little doubt that the year's hire-purchase boom has been affecting trade in other fancy goods bought over the counter, such as stockings; it may have had something to do with the slackening of record sales, too.

It is perhaps also fair to note, in this connection, that the gramophone and radio companies have themselves, during the last couple of years, been urging the record-buyer towards larger-scale purchases—with a bewildering variety of new record-players, small radio-gramophones, tape-recorders, and stereophonic systems. Sales during this year appear to have been substantially higher than in 1958. Buying a new machine to play records, for a time, may tighten the record-buyer's purchasing power—though no manufacturer of records would be inclined to grudge this temporary "competition" from something that can bring him nothing in the longer run but gain.

One "technical" effect that the steadily growing sales of record-players have had over the last few years is to raise the proportion of homes in the country possessing equipment that will play 45 r.p.m. and 33 r.p.m. discs—and this has allowed the manufacturers, during the last eighteen months, deliberately and rapidly to reduce the number of the older-established 78 r.p.m. discs that they have been pressing. Between 1957 and 1958 the number of 78s pressed was cut by nearly half, and in the first three-quarters of this year the cut was even sharper. To-day only about 700,000 of these 78s are being produced each month; in 1957 there were nearly a million a week.

This technical change has been carried through without any very significant drop in the value of record sales, though it presumably played some part in cutting off the former growth of the market. Sales of the longer-playing records have continued to grow in numbers throughout the industry's marketing doldrums. This is particularly true of the small 45 r.p.m. discs, of which nearly twice as many are now being sold as last year and well over three times as many as in 1957. This has been the most crucial market for the companies in carrying through their technical transition; for it is to these discs that they have been able to steer most of the demand for "pops," the light music, dance tunes and "hit parade" songs that still form the most prosperous core of the record market. The industry can indeed congratulate itself on its performance of this none too certain manœuvre. Against about 11,600,000 78 r.p.m. records and 5,500,000 45 r.p.m. records in the first quarter of 1958, it produced 1,700,000 78s and 10,100,000 45s in the third quarter of 1959. Since a 45 r.p.m. record may play two or three tunes to the 78's one, the trade is probably selling considerably more popular tunes to its customers now than it was in its boom years.

It is not, however, getting as much per tune—or indeed per record—as in those palmy years. For the most marked effect of the new competition of the last few years has been on record prices. Britain has not experienced much of the actual price-cutting by retailers that is so strong in the United States. But newcomers to the market, notably Gala Records, have brought in, for example, 12-in. long-playing records for 16s. 9d. against 30s.-£2. The established companies have not come down as far as that, but Decca was already selling a line of cheaper re-issues and the others, while continuing to sell their records at the earlier levels of price, have now also brought in cheaper lines of 12-in. 33 r.p.m. records for between a guinea and 23s. 6d. They were assisted in this by a small cut in purchase tax in this year's budget, but have reduced their own margins substantially, too.

This first flush of extra competition, at any rate, does not appear to have enabled the newcomers to gain very large slices of the market—which in a year of static business would have to have been at the expense of the firms established already. It still seems likely that E.M.I. and Decca between them have 85-90 per cent. of the British market, with Pye a minor third, leaving newcomers such as Rank and Gala still very small shares of the business. But the newcomers have brought down the lower range of prices—and they may have shaken the established pattern of record distribution, where the leading brands of record have so firm a footing.

Until last year the only competition for the ordinary record trade, with the large and expensive stock of records that any good dealer has to carry, came from the record clubs, which sold records to their members on a mail-order subscription basis, pressing only limited and guaranteed numbers of any disc, and paying no margins to anybody else. Gala, last year, used another alternative to the ordinary dealer, marketing its discs largely in racks at supermarkets, multiple stores, and chemists.

Such retailers as these are in no sense dependent on records for their basic sales, and need not worry too much about stock; it is Gala's business to stock the racks with titles that will sell readily. The Rank Organisation did at first intend to market its "Top Rank" records mainly through its chain of cinemas, though it has in fact sold them mainly through ordinary channels.

When extra competition brings down the price of anything, the consumer will ordinarily feel glad. So far as records are concerned, it is important to recognise that what one is buying is a quality of recorded entertainment, not a piece of microgrooved plastic. Some of the cheaper records of the newcomers produced this year, and of those offered by the clubs, have been poor technical recordings of pieces that either are obscure or bid fair to become so, by less than outstanding orchestras or singers; others have been re-issues of older recordings of less than modern technical quality of reproduction. Even at a high price a top-quality recording can offer a better "bargain." With that proviso, this year's broadening of the record price range can be welcomed; and it is fair to say that among some of the cheaper long-playing recordings, there are a number to satisfy the most exacting of connoisseurs of recorded music.

THE OPENING OF JORDAN'S FIRST AND ONLY DEEP-WATER PORT

The first ship to unload a general cargo at the new deep-water port of Akaba, the *Henzee*, is seen behind the installations for loading phosphate. At the far end of the berth is the long conveyor belt leading up the telescopic chute. The plant can load 500 tons of phosphate an hour and was manufactured by Simon Handling Engineers, of Stockport. The formal opening ceremony of the new port, situated in the southern tip of Jordan, on the Red Sea, was carried out by the Amir Mohammed, the heir to the throne. The installations were financed by British development loans and carried out by British and German firms. Design work for the new port was undertaken by Rendel, Palmer and Tritton, of London, and electrical installations by Brush Electrical Engineering Co., Ltd.

AN OFFICE BLOCK BUILT IN FIVE MONTHS

The recently completed Project Design Office at Winfrith Heath, Dorset, for the European Nuclear Energy Agency of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation was built in less than five months. It was the first construction for the Dragon reactor project of the O.E.E.C. The building consists of two blocks. The main one, three storeys high, is 230 ft. long by 30 ft. wide, giving about 23,000 sq. ft. of floor space for offices. The other is a four-storey tower block, 42 ft. by 36 ft., with lavatories, service rooms, the main entrance and staircase.

The design and construction of the building was the work of the Turriff Construction Corporation Ltd., of Warwick. A method of precast concrete construction was used for the frame of the main block, but the frame of the services block was cast *in situ* to allow an earlier start to be made on the installation of services. For the precast framework a waffle slab type of construction, designed by Mr. Stephen Revesz and carried out by Modular Concrete Ltd., was used. It consisted of precast slabs, each covering the whole area between four columns, set in 12-ft. squares, plus half the width of the central corridor. Each waffle slab consists of a 1½-in.-thick membrane with a square pattern of ribs at 2-ft. spacing underneath, the overall depth being 7¼ ins.

The building of the services wing had started a month before the main block, which was constructed in three separate sections. The centre section was begun first. Eight days after the first precast units arrived the thirty-two columns and forty-two waffle slabs forming the floors had been put in position. Within four weeks the framework of all three sections had been erected and shortly afterwards the roofing, the brick panels for the walls, and the glazing were finished. The services wing framework had been completed at the same time. The contractors' time remaining was ten weeks.

In this time were completed weatherproofing; the internal finishing operations of floor screeds with linoleum tile and rubber finishes, plasterboard and skim ceilings, plastered walls, and columns, double-skin steel partitions and all heating and electricity services; and, in the services wing, the work on plumbing, terrazzo floor, glazed wall tiling, main electricity, heating and water runs. Into this period had also to be fitted the construction of the staircases where a change of design had to be made to finish in time.

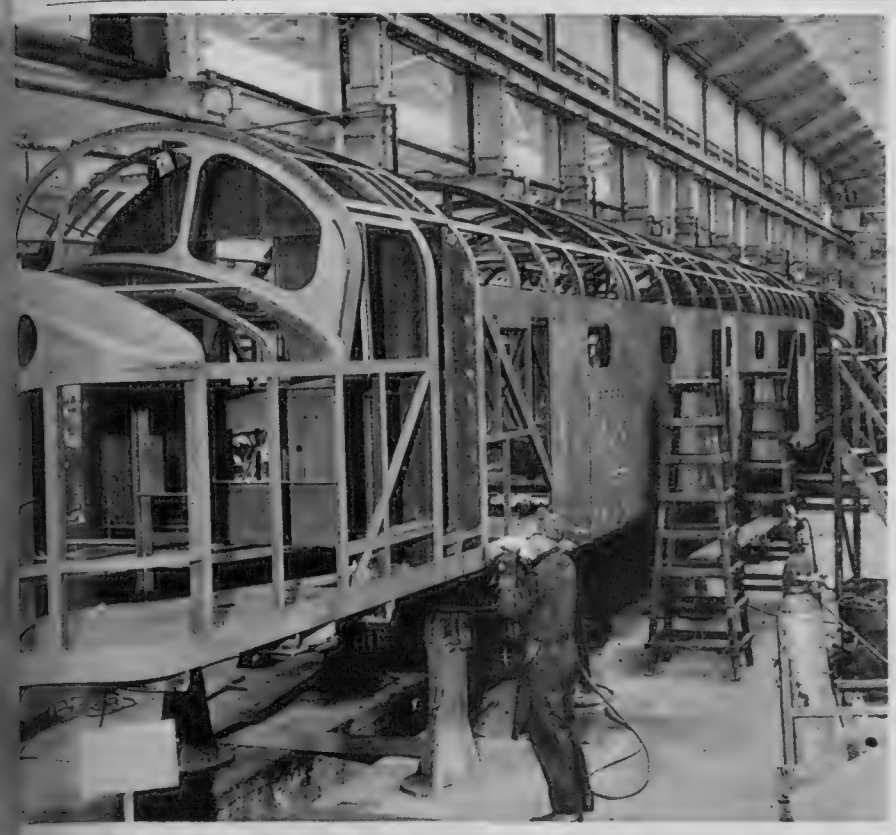
BUILDING AN OFFICE BLOCK AT WINFRITH HEATH: A precast waffle block is hoisted by a crane in the building of the Project Design Office at the Dorset Establishment of the European Nuclear Energy Agency of the O.E.E.C. *Right* is a close-up view of the concrete waffle slabs in position.

A FOUR-TON FLOOR PANEL: A waffle slab is manœuvred into position. The concrete flooring panel measures 15 ft. in length, 11 ft. 3 ins. in width, and 7¼ ins. in depth.

CONSTRUCTING THE FRAME: *Left*—On the ground are precast reinforced concrete columns awaiting erection. In the background a crane is lowering one of the columns into its position alongside the framework of the east half of the main block. *Right* is a general view of the erection of the skeleton of the office block. The workman on the column is fixing the steel supports for the waffle slabs.

COMPLETING THE SKELETON OF THE FIRST SECTION: Workmen are erecting extra columns at the expansion joints where the extremity of the centre block will meet the east wing. Behind the centre block is the services wing.

THE FINISHED BUILDING: On the left is the four-storey services wing connected by a passage to the main block. Construction began halfway through May last and was completed by the beginning of October. The main contractors were the Turriff Construction Corporation Limited.

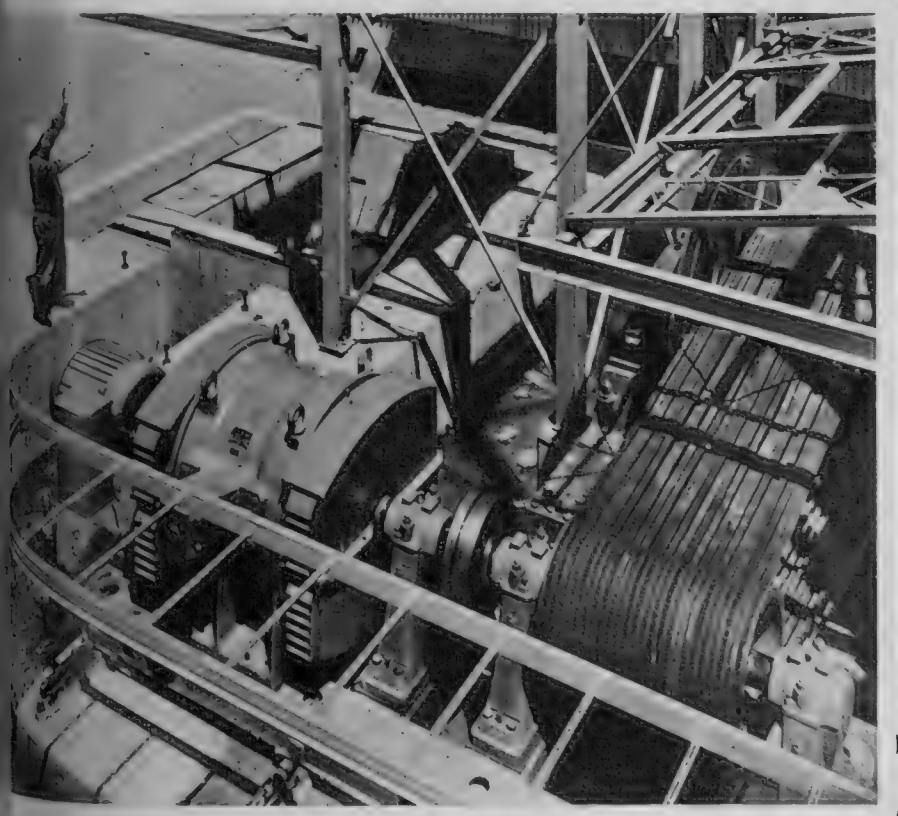


DIESEL-ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES

Recently the London to Liverpool line became the first main line express passenger service in the United Kingdom to be completely converted from steam to diesel working. On the line run the 2,000-h.p. diesel-electric Type IV locomotives produced by the English Electric Company. In the picture *above* is the production line of the locomotive at the Vulcan Foundry, at Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire. There are now forty-five of these 90 m.p.h. Type IV diesel electrics in service out of a total of 125 which is scheduled before the end of 1960.

DRIVING A DIESEL-ELECTRIC: An English Electric Type IV locomotive, costing about £90,000, is driven from the Vulcan Foundry at Newton-le-Willows, Lancs.

REVOLUTIONARY SPEEDBOAT: *Above*—The Dowty Turbocraft makes a tight turn to port in a demonstration of its extreme manœuvrability. It is claimed that the craft can turn in its own length at maximum speed. Driven by turbo-jet, the boat has no rudder and no propeller. *Left* is the turbine of the Dowty Turbocraft. The engine is coupled to the part on the right, and water is drawn through a grille underneath and forced under pressure out of the spout on the left. *Below*—At the speedboat's stern is the jet stream, enclosed by "gates," which, by altering the direction of the thrust of water from the jet, take the place of a rudder.



BRITISH MOTORS FOR AN AMERICAN PULP MILL

The helmeted workman is supervising the installation of a British-built motor at the new plant of the Bowaters Carolina Corporation at Catawba, South Carolina. The motor, manufactured at the Bradford works of the English Electric Company, develops 700 h.p. at 720 r.p.m. and is driven by electric power at 2,300 volts. It will be used at the pulp mills for driving a hardwood and softwood chipper. Of the drip-proof type, the motor has steel louvres giving complete protection against falling dirt and water. Altogether English Electric have supplied eleven electrically-driven motors to the Carolina pulp mills. They range in power from 250 h.p. to 1,000 h.p. and give a total output of 6,200 h.p. They are used for driving pumps and fans as well as chippers.

NO PROPELLER AND NO RUDDER

At the Boat Show, which opens at Earls Court next Wednesday (December 30), the Dowty Turbocraft will be on show. Invented in New Zealand, the jet-propelled boat is manufactured in this country by Dowty Marine Limited, of Cheltenham, Gloucestershire. It has no rudder and no propeller. Power is given by a marine version of the Ford Zephyr engine, which draws water into a turbine through a steel grille on the boat's bottom and ejects it under pressure through the jet stream at the stern. In this way the boat achieves a maximum speed of 35 m.p.h. Manœuvrability is obtained by altering the direction of the thrust of the jet stream. It is claimed that the Dowty Turbocraft can turn in its own length. There are two main advantages in the fact that the boat, with no rudder and no propeller, has no exposed moving parts on its bottom. First there is the ability of the boat to be driven in very shallow water, as little as 4 ins. being necessary. Second, there is increased safety for swimmers, divers and water-skiers. With a glass-fibre hull, the speedboat is 14½-ft. in length seating, five people. In the next four months, 4,000 will be produced, mainly for export In Britain the price will be £798.

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN: Charly Baumann performs with some of his Bengal tigers in an act in the Bertram Mills Circus which opened at Olympia, in London, on Friday of last week. The animal trainer is making his first appearance in England with his eight tigers. Before entering the circus Charly Baumann was a film actor, and since becoming an animal trainer he has appeared in two films with his tigers.

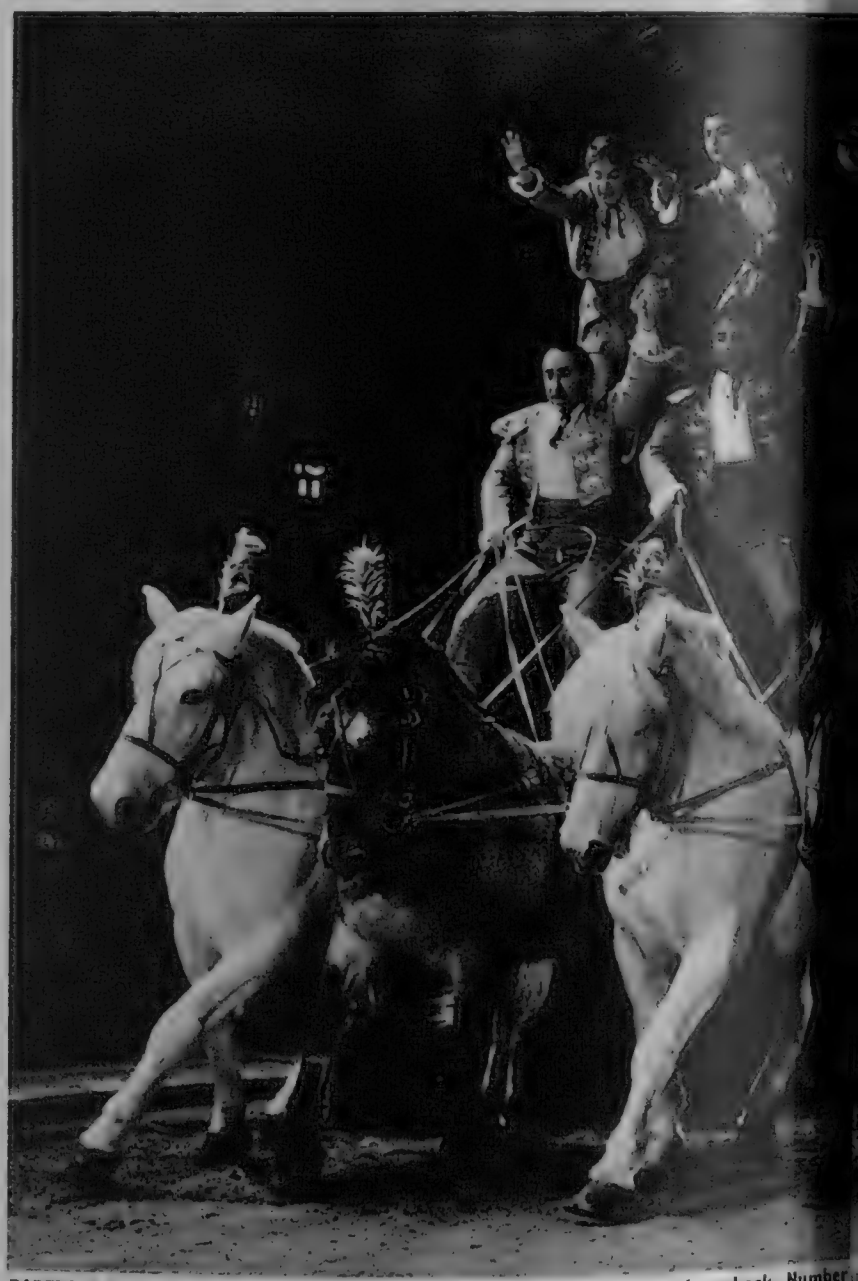
THE CIRCUS SEASON

Bertram Mills Circus Opens at Olympia

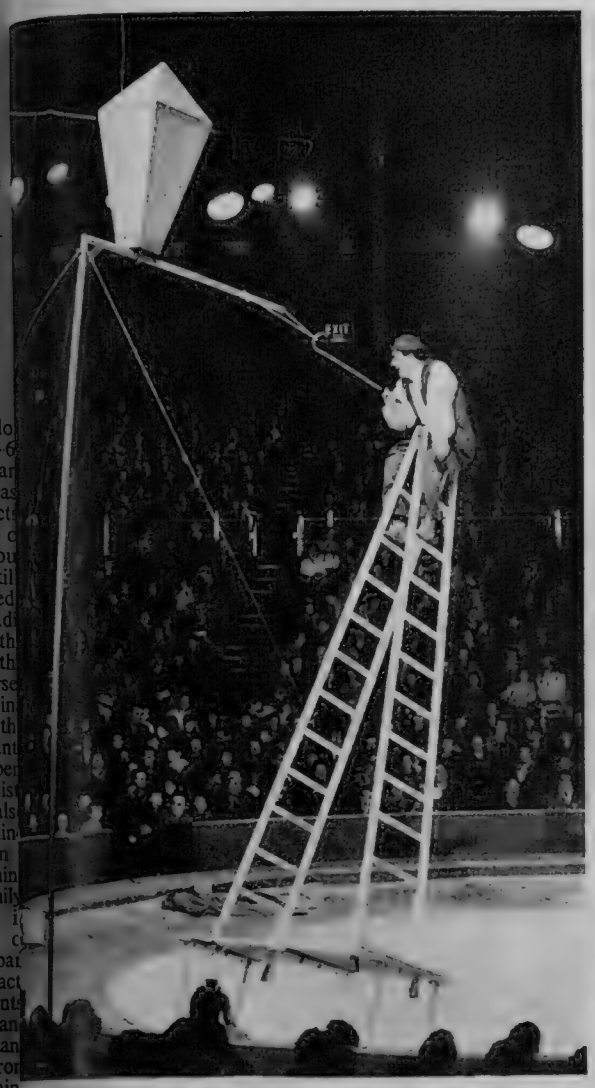
The Lord Mayor of Lond officially opened the 1959 Olympia season of Bertr Mills Circus on Friday of l week. With twenty-two a the show contains a host artistes internationally fam in the circus world. Sk daring, spectacle and come play their parts in the tra tional circus turns and in novelties. In almost half acts there are animals. Hor trained by Albert and Paul Schumann and handled in ring by them and their assista give *haute école* and liberty p formances. One of the ass ants, Douglas Kossmayer, a presents a group of palomi horses, zebras and ponies in spectacular act at the beginni of the show. An Italian fami the Carolis, who are ten number, give a display horseback acrobatics. Ap from the horses, in other a there are poodles, elephan tigers and doves. Acrobats a trapeze artists come from ma countries; the Ghezzis fr France; the Seguras from Spai Gina, the girl in the moc from Britain; Atilana, the wi walker, from Spain; and t Aerial Hustreis from Americ

A "CHARIOT RACE" AT OLYMPIA: Shetland ponies drawing sulkies race round the circus ring. It is part of Albert and Paulina Schumann's Liberty Horses' act in which black Arab horses also appear. The act was specially devised for the Olympia Circus.

CLOWNS AND CORNETS: To the accompaniment of trumpet music, the Francesco clowns, from the Continent, carry off an injured colleague. Making their first appearance at Olympia, the Francescos in their act combine music with their comedy routine.



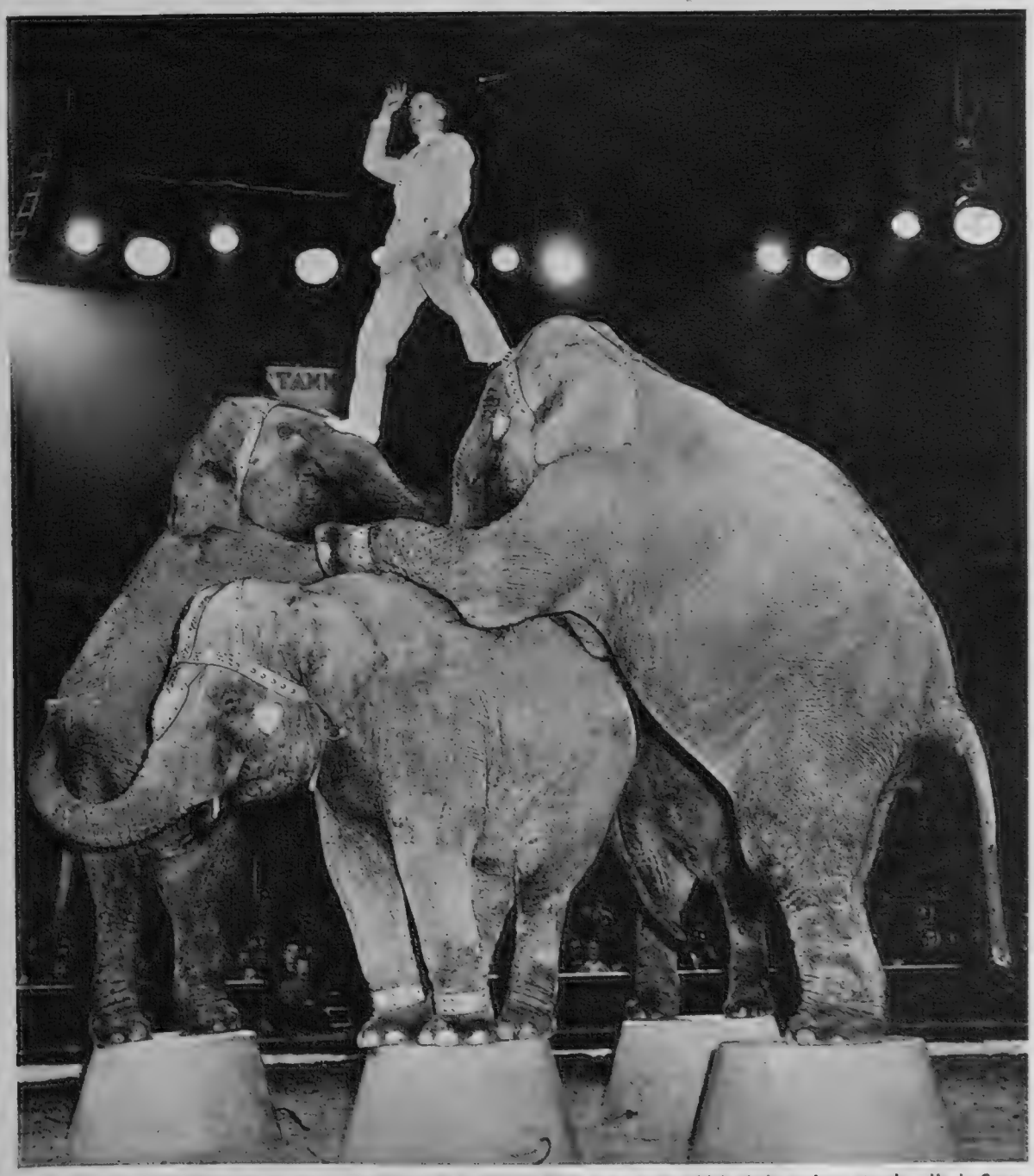
BAREBACK RIDING: At Bertram Mills Circus, the Carolis form a pyramid on horseback. Number team in the world. Their act consists mostly of daring pyramid formations, but memb a backward somersault from one galloping horse to another. Except for one of



AND LAUGHS: The acrobat uses a walking stick to p himself from falling off the swaying ladder on table. The scene is from the Ghezzis' act in which e Frenchmen clown and perform acrobatics.

SPECTACLE IN THE BIG TOP: The four black Arab horses rear as Albert Schumann, their trainer, cracks his whips. It is part of the horses' Liberty routine. The Schumanns also give a display of circus horsemanship. The costumes worn by the team, based on the uniforms of Hussars, were designed by Paulina Schumann.

ll, the troupe is said to be the largest circus riding roupe perform individual tricks. One of the men does s the troupe are all members of the Caroli family.



AN ELEPHANTINE PYRAMID: The four young Ceylonese elephants form a base on which their trainer stands. He is Gosta Kruse, from Sweden, and was taught to train elephants by his father, himself a circus trainer. This is the first time this act has been seen in public and it incorporates both traditional routines and tricks which are completely new.

The World of Books

ACTION AT TRAFALGAR

A New Exposition of the Battle; Sailing Ships of the South and West of England; Autobiographies of Youth; Two Aspects of Nepal; Party-Giving and This Week's Novels

ONE of the most extraordinary and, I think, least-known facts about the Battle of Trafalgar is that it was so early in the conflict that Nelson was wounded. After that, it was Hardy who directed operations on board H.M.S. *Victory* with his Admiral slowly dying between decks and the disastrous news kept from the fleet. This is only one of the dramatic aspects of Mr. Dudley Pope's fine book, ENGLAND EXPECTS (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.), in which the whole fateful year of 1805 is reviewed, and the culmination shown to be the sea battle in which England decisively established her supremacy. In writing of the preparation for the fight and the various phases of the sea action, Mr. Pope shows himself to be a master of lucid—in fact, diamond clear—exposition, and with successive diagrams to illustrate the progress of the fighting, he takes the reader through from the beginning to the costly but glorious end. I think it would be hard to recommend this book with too much enthusiasm, and I foresee that it will be among the definitive histories of Nelson and his strategy at Trafalgar.

NO GALLANT SHIP (Hollis and Carter. 21s.) —and a fairly confusing title, I would have thought —is Mr. Michael Bouquet's admirably documented history of the sailing ships which were built, manned and financed in the small ports and havens in the south and west of England where to-day the activity is almost quiescent. Shoreham was such a port, and Torquay, and both of these keep much of their early bustle and commerce, but Lewes, now cut off from the sea by a railway bridge, once had its respectably-sized ship building yard, and so did Appledore and Watchet and Littlehampton. The nineteenth-century photographs which illustrate this exceptionally interesting book are worth pondering, as are some of the captions which explain how many ships built in early or mid-Victorian times were still plying their coastal trade until the last war or even later. Mr. Bouquet is an authority on great sailing ships, but he also knows all about the smaller ketches, brigs, hoys, snows and schooners and he has some wonderful tales to tell of these relatively small ships which went as far as Newfoundland, Scandinavia or the Azores.

The next two books are autobiographies, both of them with the accent on the authors' youth, and all the more winning for that. BOY IN BLINKERS (Robert Hale. 18s.) is Mr. R. W. Thompson's story of a young manhood spent confidently and insouciantly, partly working at Lloyd's under the ægis of a rich but unlikable uncle, and partly as a cowboy in the Argentine pampas and a jackeroo in Australia. Came the 1929 depression and Mr. Thompson worked his passage home to find that his family's future was to depend on the unctuous charity of the same uncle and that the world had changed indeed. The principal thing to say about this autobiography is that it is a truly candid book; that the writer sees himself clearly, not without the grudging affection one might give to an old school friend but without the slightest sentimentality, and that in consequence his picture of the 1920's is a remarkably acute one, at least in so far as the period affected the lives of a prosperous English middle class. I thought his book had considerable attraction.

A SUFFOLK CHILDHOOD (Hutchinson. 21s.) is by a writer born only a very few years after Mr. Thompson and at present living in the same county. Apart from that, however, they have little in common in the literary sense. Mr. Thompson has written about a more or less grown-up boy and the means by which he adapted himself to an increasingly hard world: Mr. Simon Dewes has chosen a more halcyon period in his existence, from five to ten years old when, as a sharp-eyed child with a demonstrably excellent memory, he took note of country people and their ways and stored them up effectively enough to make a slow-paced but delightful book forty years after.

Nobody has ever explained satisfactorily why there should suddenly appear two, three or even four books on the same fairly esoteric subject, and books, moreover, without the slightest connection between them save the subject, but so it often is. This week there are two books on Nepal, treating the country from very different angles but curiously complementary to each other so that enjoying one by no means precludes relishing the other. THE FORGOTTEN VALLEY (Alvin Redman. 25s.) is by Mr. Karl Eskelund, a dedicated traveller whose books one remembers well. As before, Mr. Eskelund writes with considerable verve as if he enjoyed his voyages in the first place and his traveller's tales in the second, and he is able to convey this zest of his.

WINDOW ON NEPAL (Robert Hale. 18s.) is by Mr. Tibor Sekelj, a Yugoslav explorer and anthropologist, and it has been translated by Marjorie Boulton. Here the viewpoint is perhaps a more sober and technical one but no less absorbing. Mr. Sekelj's interests cover as wide a field as one could ask or absorb. There are chapters on murders, political and otherwise, on art, religion and history, and there are many and entertaining stories about the Nepalese as they are to-day. Read consecutively, these two books will furnish an exceptionally well-rounded view of a remote, semi-feudal and thoroughly exciting country

This being the festive season, what more timely than THE PARTY-GIVERS' BOOK (Souvenir Press. 25s.), a

"PAGLIACCI" AT COVENT GARDEN: In the production of Leoncavallo's two-act opera at the Royal Opera House in London are, from left, Tonio (Geraint Evans); Beppe (Kenneth MacDonald); and Nedda (Joan Carlyle).

practical and indeed expert compilation of recipes, advice and social gambit-guiding by Miss Mary Gallati, daughter, I believe I am right in saying, of the inimitable Mario Gallati of one of the two best restaurants in London. Miss Gallati not only gives good advice to her party-givers; she makes it comprehensive. A fine piece of work.

BRING BACK THE SINGING (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is Stella Morton's new novel about a young English family in which the parents' preoccupation with hard work and success brings them, children and all, to the brink of tragedy and beyond. Here is a novelist who, even when dealing with the most dramatic and poignant of themes, is able to retain a certain cosiness of manner and the wonder is that this insistent femininity of style doesn't destroy, or over-soften, the impact of the story. The setting is London and the not too rural countryside. The father is a horticulturist who has made good and the wife is the driving force behind the newest and most *chic* of London dressmakers. Each of them makes a lot of money; each of them is well known but whereas the man has doubts about the value of t material victories, the wife devotes herself entirely to pursuit of more and more fame and money. It is argua that the solution the author has found is a little improba but this is an immensely readable story.

THE INDEPENDENT (Cassell. 15s.) has less facil of expression and, perhaps, is less easily readable for t reason but it is worth as serious a study as the writ Mr. Terence Newman, has given it himself. The ti refers to a weekly newspaper in which the founde object has been to maintain an objective view, politica and domestically, and to present a lively newspaper witho an exact political affiliation. In an age where Communi is regarded as a constant threat, this impartiality is m idealistic than practical and the editor and board directors find themselves in a situation where expedien ambition, jealousy and downright hatred boil up the surface and threaten to destroy the paper's equi Interesting stuff, sober, well thought out and ne degenerating into sensationalism.

MRS. BRIDGE (Heinemann. 15s.) is one of t American novels this week and it is, in its mild way, thoroughly surprising book. Mrs. Bridge is a w and mother living with her family in Kansas C and leading the kind of existence to which h husband's prosperity and her consequent soc status entitle her. As one begins to read about h in fact, she seems like a pretty fair bore: limite conventional and small-minded. There is even inclination to put the book aside and turn to son thing meatier but this is exactly the moment wh the art of Mr. Evan S. Connell, Jr., begins to sh and the reader, fifty pages later, is only dim aware that the moment of indecision h passed and that he now wouldn't put the bo down for anything. Mrs. Bridge is a genuine imaginative creation and this is an ironic a compassionate (and exquisitely written) story.

The same cannot be said for POULE D LUXE (Macdonald. 15s.) although this essentia materialistic story has a robust appeal of its ow Susan Yorke has written about one of those ve well-kept women who, disconcertingly, alwa appear rather too good to be true. In this case is a girl who is deeply in love with a musician w loves her, too, but declines to marry her until has established himself in the world of mus She becomes the mistress of an extremely rich m Her objects, however, are not venal but are achieve enough money and even the ideal hou for her musician. And this, precisely, is where I w inclined to drop out of the lists of Constant Readers. Sus Yorke has a pleasant touch though and some of h female characters are far more believable than her heroin

Not one but two full-length Simenon novels this wee How generous can publishers get? STRIPTEASE (Hamil Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) has been translated from the French Mr. Robert Brain and is about a girl in a Cannes nightclu and the rival whose new act included the enslavement of t club's proprietor. This is by no means a murder myste nor does it deal with the deductions of the inimitab Comissaire Maigret. On the contrary, it is a *roma psychologique* in Simenon's later manner and its viole ending has all the shock of true surprise. MAIGRET AN THE RELUCTANT WITNESSES (Hamish Hamilto 12s. 6d.) is, on the other hand, a true *roman policier* showi police work at its most subtle and thorough, demonstrati again the invincibility of the greatest sleuth in the busines Enthusiastically recommended by one who has, so fa read it twice.

Vernon Fane.

Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock are two rare collaborators, combining a talent for racy biography with an ability to present in simple English for the layman's understanding the technicalities of the world of music. But for one overriding fault (a caustic wit that keeps bobbing to the surface) their MEN OF MUSIC (Methuen. 25s.) is an outstanding piece of work, and for many people will bridge vast gaps in knowledge; for on the whole few of us are well informed about the careers of the great composers. Beginning with a chapter which summarises the history of western music up to the time of Bach, the volume goes on to describe the lives and work of twenty-three of the great, from Bach himself to Stravinsky in our own times. The most revealing portrait is that of Brahms, who in his youth in Hamburg used to eke out a livelihood by playing in what his cautious biographers chose to describe as humble places of entertainment or Sailor's Taverns; these were, in fact, brothels, and, according to Brahms himself, he was the darling of the prostitutes, who thought it fun to try to arouse his immature emotions.

Brahms comes off best at the hands of Messrs. Brockway and Weinstock, who have little that is ill to say against him. Chopin gets a very different treatment, and we are presented with a picture of a painful neurotic whose much-vaunted patriotism was not on very sure ground and who gets praise in full measure only for his intelligent self-limitation. The essay on Stravinsky, the only living composer mentioned, is also harsh in tone. Despite its general frankness and more than occasional

LIVES OF THE COMPOSER

A Book of 23 Critical Biographies

ungenerosity of judgment, *Men of Music* is a wo of competence and skill, and the research that has go into these 650 pages must indeed have been formidab

Man's endless quest for new frontiers to conquer h led him time and time again to the Polar regions, a there is no doubt whatsoever that they have a part play in the world's economic future. It is against t background that L. P. Kirwan, Director and Secreta of the Royal Geographical Society, has written TH WHITE ROAD (Hollis and Carter. 30s.). This is survey of Polar exploration from the days of the Viki to Vivian Fuchs. It is an enthralling narrative, a rema able revelation of men and their motives, of the natio desire to reinforce sovereignty, and full of facts for layman to ponder upon. It may well be, the author sa that in time, when low-lying shores have crumbled a have been submerged under new levels of the sea, Arctic may return to the Mediterranean climate enjoyed before the Ice Age. But until then "the wh road" will remain the challenge.

The year 1959 marked the 100th anniversary of Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Av

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA": Mascagni's short opera is being performed in the same programme as *Pagliacci*, at Covent Garden. The villagers gather in front of the village church. Both of the operas are produced by Franco Zeffirelli.

UBLE BILL AT COVENT GARDEN

programme at the Royal Opera House, *Pagliacci* and *alleria Rusticana*, was first seen at Covent Garden mber 16. It was the first time the two short operas an composers had been produced in the history of sent company. The designer and producer of both is Franco Zeffirelli, whose production of *Lucia di moor* was much acclaimed last February. Both are sung in Italian. *Pagliacci*, an opera in two as written by the nineteenth-century composer, o Leoncavallo. At the time the theory of *verismo* ined much influence; the opera deals with the ngs of a troupe of strolling players, whose real-life nd jealousies prove too close a parallel to the play they present. As a result the work ends in murder. Zeffirelli's production includes a fire-eater, a girl dancing on a ball, and a live pony pulling the ers' cart. *Cavalleria Rusticana*, which catapulted g composer, Mascagni, to fame almost overnight, written at the end of the nineteenth century, and "realistic" in presentation. Set in a Sicilian the plot is told in terms of violent passion.

On left—

THE TITLE ROLE: Joan Carlyle appears as Nedda, the leading lady of the troupe of players in *Pagliacci*. The production of the two operas is the first in the history of the present company.

On right—

THE HEAVY LEAD: Jon Vickers plays Canio, who is the leader of the troupe and husband of Nedda. Leoncavallo's opera was based on an incident in real life.

wrought some memorable performances and pro-
Laurence Olivier in the title role of Coriolanus,
th Evans as Volumnia, Charles Laughton in the
of King Lear, Mary Ure and Laughton together
Dream, and Paul Robeson as Othello. A record
remarkable year, also of the two seasons which
it, and the triumphant Moscow-Leningrad
included in the latest photographic record of
AKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE (Max
th. 25s.). The photographs are by Angus McBean,
Brown writes the introduction, paying a tribute
directorate of Glen Byam Shaw who, first with
Quayle and then alone, has done so much to
the name and fame of the Memorial Theatre.
volume to treasure.

her charming illustrated volume is OUR ROYAL
Y (Odhams Press. 16s.), in which John Snagge
he foreword. He does it very well, giving many
s of their life. One rather unexpected fact Mr.
obtained from the Duke of Edinburgh was that on
urs the Duke has the sound radio switched on in
essional car so that the Queen and he will know
where they are on the route, and be able to
ate the overall picture of the proceedings. The
phs in this volume make a splendid selection
informal mingling informally with the formal,
sense of family unity delightfully portrayed.

are two charming books for the nature-lover
same publishing house, THE REDWOODS,
rd St. Barbe Baker, and WINGED BUILDERS,
y Price, both published by George Ronald at
The Redwoods of California are the supreme
the world. Mr. St. Barbe Baker's volume is made
ble by some superb illustrations. Nancy Price's
volume, about the building, nesting and family
of British birds, also has the advantage of
photography. R.C.E.

THE TROUPE OF PLAYERS ARRIVE: In the Covent Garden production of *Pagliacci*, the cart is drawn by a pony, named Biscuit, ridden here by Beppe. Behind him is Tonio and in the cart are Canio and Nedda. Both *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria Rusticana* have sets designed by Franco Zeffirelli, whose production of the works was praised by the critics.

THE ST. BERNARD TRADITION

The Hospice in the Pennine Alps Maintains the Mountain-rescue Work

The Hospice of St. Bernard, in the Pennine Alps, was founded in 962 by Bernard de Menthon, a neighbouring nobleman, for the benefit of pilgrims travelling to Rome. It is impossible to say at what time the dogs, which have made the hospice world famous, were introduced. According to the traditions of the monastery, the St. Bernard dog is the result of a cross between a Danish bull-bitch and a mastiff, a native hill dog. After the breed was once established it was kept pure until 1812. That winter was very severe and the monks, contrary to their usual custom, were forced to send out the brood bitches as well as the dogs to guide travellers to safety. All the females died and the monks had no means of continuing the breed.

This was overcome eventually by a cross with a Newfoundland. Owing to the Newfoundland's thick coat, which hampered the dogs in snow, the cross at first failed. However, by breeding back to their own short-coated dogs, the monks obtained the desired shortness of coat. (This variety is still used by the hospice.) Occasionally a rough-coated specimen would be born and these were given away to the inhabitants of the surrounding valleys, who continued to breed them. Soon St. Bernard dogs became widespread throughout Switzerland. About 1860 the first St. Bernards were brought to Britain.

Pictures and tales of the dogs laden with food and clothes and sometimes carrying a disabled traveller are due to the exaggeration of the St. Bernards' admirers. Possibly, on rare occasions, the dogs have been allowed to go on their own in search of travellers, but as a rule they act only as guides to the monks of the hospice. When the work of the monks first started, two dogs, one old and one young, accompanied by one or more monks, set off from the hospice for the foot of the valley on the Italian side. At the same time a similar party set out for the Swiss side. If any travellers in difficulty were found they were helped to shelter, the dogs going before as guides. The activities increased till at one time there were about 100 dogs working from the hospice. Now there are only twelve, the decline accounted for by improved travelling facilities, and the better modern rescue services. Tended by about a dozen young monks, the St. Bernards work from November to May when the snowfall is heaviest.

A SHELTER FOR TRAVELLERS IN THE ALPS: The famous Hospice of St. Bernard is high in the Great St. Bernard Pass, in the Pennine Alps, between Aosta, in Piedmont, and Martigny, in the Swiss canton of Vallais.

MOUNTAIN DOGS: *Left*—An assistant leads two St. Bernard dogs to their kennels. *Right*—With typical sad-eyed looks, three St. Bernard pups sit with their mother.

BEFORE THE WORKING SEASON: One of the monks of the Hospice of St. Bernard takes a dog out on a trial trek through the mountains. Attached to the dog's collar is the flask of brandy. *Right*—The kennel assistant plays with some of the St. Bernards which do guide work between November and May each year.

For Christmas

Food

Alice B. Toklas
her exciting new cookery book
AROMAS AND FLAVOURS *(21/-)*

Wine

T. A. Layton
his new book for all who love wine
WINES AND CASTLES OF SPAIN *(21/-)*

Leisure

Gilbert Harding
an anthology of poetry and prose for everyone
A BOOK OF HAPPINESS *(21/-)*

Humour

'Miss Read'
a new novel by the author of 'Village School'
THRUSH GREEN *(15/-)*

Favourites

Paul Gallico
his loved book
FLOWERS FOR MRS. HARRIS *(7/6)*

and

Richard Gordon
his top 'Doctor' book
DOCTOR AND SON *(12/6)*

MICHAEL JOSEPH

♪ When the snow lay round about "Deep" — but none too crisp. Slushy.

s-l-i-t-h-e-r-y.

Gently on the throttle pedal.

Just a little brake, well in advance.

That's good. No slide at all.

Picking up nicely.

What a ***grip*** *these tyres have.*

You too, will

feel safer–
be **safer–on**

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Firestone Town & Country on the rear wheels and Firestone De Luxe on the front is the ideal tyre arrangement for better, safer driving. Long wear, quiet running, improved handling, maximum grip for all-season safety —these are the Firestone features that add confidence under all road conditions.

DRIVE SAFELY

BE A BETTER DRIVER. You owe it to your family, you owe it to others, you owe it to yourself to BE SAFE ON THE ROAD.

Firestone TYRES — consistently good

"God gave us memory that we might have roses in December"—
and
at Christmas, we remember;
especially those we have "Loved long since and lost awhile."

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We plan to build a Home for the Elderly in Stepney to be called "*MEMORY HOUSE.*" A Home for the Aged and Frail within reach of familiar surroundings and friends.

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THE GROWTH OF THE ESTATE CAR

Attractive and Convenient Motoring; Anti-freeze Compounds; Books on Motoring; Founder-members of the R.A.C.

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

ESTATE cars are becoming increasingly popular in many countries, including Britain. They offer a form of motoring which many families find most attractive and convenient. More and more of these dual-purpose vehicles are being built in Britain every year and the number exported is growing all the time in spite of keen competition from cars of this type built in Germany, France and Italy.

I have just been counting the number of different estate cars built in Britain. The number surprised me. There are twenty, ranging from the Ford Escort at £616 (including purchase tax) to the luxurious Humber Super Snipe at £1,701. All cost more than the saloon model on which they are based. That is inevitable, because fewer are built; the cost of the special tools and different manufacturing processes is spread over a smaller number of units. But the day may come when a British manufacturer will design from scratch an estate car for mass production. Such a project would make possible a much lower retail price and would undoubtedly give a big fillip to the vogue of the estate car, station wagon, shooting brake, utility—call it what you will.

A step in this direction has already been made by the Rootes Group (with their £660 Hillman Husky) and the British Motor Corporation with their Austin A.40. This attractive little Farina-styled car (£639) was not a true estate car and the Corporation have found it necessary to produce a full station wagon version of the A.40. It is called the A.40 Countryman and costs £660. Britain's estate cars cost between 10 and 30 per cent. more than the saloon models on which they are based. The Ford Zodiac costs £241 more, the Vauxhall Velox £293 and the Humber Super Snipe £248.

The growth in the number of two-car families is expected to boost the sales of estate cars still further, especially the smaller models like the Morris Minor Traveller (£669) and the Standard Companion (£702). These cars are becoming increasingly popular among housewives for taking the children to school, doing the shopping, bringing home bulky supplies for the garden and for summer camping and picnicking.

British estate cars follow the same general pattern, though the design of the rear door or "gate" varies. Some have vertically-hinged doors. In others the "gate" is hinged along the top and the upper part opens upwards. The lower half hinges downwards to form an extension to the car's flat floor. Without exception, the rear seats of Britain's estate cars fold flat to give extra luggage space. With these seats in their normal position the car offers passenger comfort equal to that of a saloon.

In spite of the rising demand for estate cars in Britain in the last five years, this type of vehicle still represents less than 10 per cent. of total car production. In the U.S. the percentage is 17, and is still going up. It is estimated that in 1959 a record number of 100,000 estate cars will have been built in Britain, compared with 90,500 last year. In 1958 we exported some 45,000. West Germany did even better, with a total of 56,000 foreign sales.

I have just been reading an interesting article on anti-freeze compounds in the magazine *Which?* published by the Consumers Association, Ltd. They went into shops and garages at random and bought quantities of twenty-three of the best-selling brands to test their quality. No significant difference was found in their anti-freeze qualities. They give—says the Association—adequate protection for British winters. But what about the question of corrosion? What about the inhibitors which the manufacturers of these anti-freeze mixtures put into their products to prevent damage to metal and rubber in the cooling system?

On this point *Which?* reports: "Time did not permit practical corrosion tests so the Association substituted laboratory tests to the relevant American standards. These tests involved immersing a combined specimen of all the metals likely to be found in the cooling system of a car in anti-freeze compounds and water for 336 hours at 160 deg. Fah. In the tests under-

THE 1959 WORLD DRIVING CHAMPION: Jack Brabham, of Australia, pushes his Cooper-Climax, which had run out of fuel, over the finishing-line at Sebring, Florida, to finish fourth in the Grand Prix of the United States. The race was won by B. McLaren, of New Zealand, but Brabham had enough points before the race to become champion providing neither Stirling Moss nor Tony Brooks won and did fastest lap. Moss was forced to retire when leading, in the sixth lap, and Brooks finished third to become runner-up in the Championship.

taken only seven of the twenty-three brands showed completely satisfactory anti-corrosion properties." These seven brands include some of the best-known names, but the Association recommends one of the cheapest of these seven brands, selling at 7s. 6d. a quart. Interesting!

Let's talk about motoring books. A large number of review copies have piled up on my desk in recent weeks and some of them would make very acceptable last-minute Christmas gifts for friends you found you have overlooked. Here are a few details of the volumes which have appealed to me most. . . .

Early Motor-cars, 1904-1915 (Hugh Evelyn, Ltd. 52s. 6d.), is a superbly produced book containing large coloured plates of twelve famous cars ranging from the 7-h.p. Oldsmobile and 8-h.p. De Dion Bouton of 1904, to the Model "T" Ford of 1915. In between come such celebrated models as the 40/50-h.p. Rolls-Royce Roi-des-Belges touring car of 1908 and the 9-h.p. Morris Oxford two-seat touring car of 1913. The author and illustrator is George A. Oliver, an artist who is public relations officer to the Scottish Committee of the Council of Industrial Design. He has selected for treatment cars representative of their period which have also marked significant developments in automobile design. A further selection will be dealt with in a similar volume now in preparation. Nineteen colours have been used in printing this book and Mr. Oliver's accurate drawings are all to a scale of 1-inch to the foot.

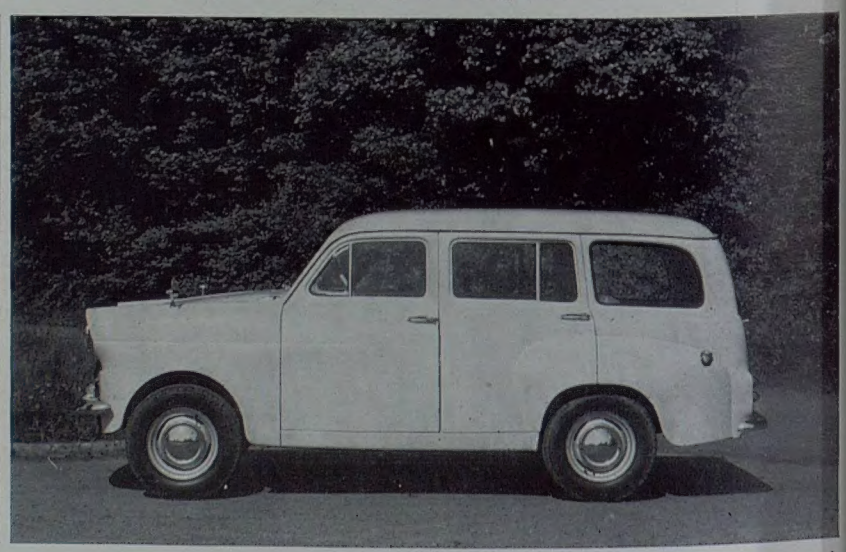
Next book on my list is *Best Motoring Stories* (Faber and Faber. 15s.), an anthology of tales by famous writers really capturing the true atmosphere of motoring. It is edited by John Welcome, who also writes an introduction. Some of the stories are gay, some serious. Among the authors are Nigel Balchin, Evelyn Waugh, Rudyard Kipling, Ian Fleming and Aldous Huxley.

If you are looking for a full-blooded book on motor racing, I can recommend *The Devil Behind Them* (Angus and Robertson. 18s.). In this book, with eight pages of pictures, John Bentley, who knows what he is talking about, gives fascinating, thrilling pen portraits of "nine dedicated drivers who have made motor-racing history." Not necessarily, you will notice, the nine *best* racing drivers, but men of six nations who by their achievements, their personalities and their skill have left an indelible mark on the motor-racing game. They include Tazio Nuvolari, Dick Seaman, Stirling Moss and, of course, Juan Fangio.

Another good contribution to the literature of the sport is *The B.P. Book of Motor Racing* (Stanley Paul, London. 7s. 6d.). In it Maxwell Boyd has got together a mass of facts and figures about the sport. They are attractively presented, with a fine selection of action pictures, including some in colour. Here is a book for the enthusiast who wants to be able to settle all those arguments in a few seconds. It has forewords by Fangio and Moss, and there are chapters on such subjects as how motor racing started, the "Big Six" drivers, the "Big Ten" cars, famous racing circuits, and the winners over the years of the *grandes épreuves*.

Three other books I should like to mention are *Modified Motoring*, by rally driver John Sprinzel (Motor Racing Publications. 18s.), who writes clearly and knowledgeably about production car tuning and engine "conversions"; *The Sports Car—Its Design and Performance* (Chapman and Hall. 30s.), in which Colin Campbell brings up to date a valuable book which first appeared in 1954, covers the subject expertly and exhaustively, gives a good index and arranges the chapters under such headings as "Engines," "Road-holding," "Suspension" and "Transmission"; and, finally, *The Jaguar Companion* (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.), in which Kenneth Ullyet tells the Jaguar story in a well-illustrated book and gives valuable advice to Jaguar owners on how to get the best out of their cars.

It is sad to learn that there are now only three survivors among the small army of enthusiasts who started the R.A.C. sixty-two years ago. They are Mr. H. J. Mulliner, Captain H. Loeffler and Mr. Montagu Grahame-White. In the last twelve months three founder-members have died: Mr. Claude Grahame-White (brother of Monty), Captain Cecil Twist and Mr. Stuart Mallam. Just before Christmas Mr. Wilfrid Andrews, Chairman of the Club, invited the surviving founder-members to have lunch with him in accordance with custom. Only two of the three were able to attend: Mr. Mulliner and Captain Loeffler. In some ways it must have been a rather melancholy little party. On the following day Mr. Andrews entertained nearly forty of the oldest members of the Club. The oldest 100 (in length of service) are invited each year and Mr. Mulliner took his place among them.



TWO SMALL ESTATE CARS: *Left* is the Austin A.40 Countryman, which was announced in the autumn and is basically the same design as the Austin A.40 saloon. It is equipped with the B.M.C. "A" series engine of 948 c.c. *Right* is the 1960 model of the Standard Ten Companion. In contrast to the Countryman, it has four doors. In his article "The Sphere" Motoring Correspondent says that estate cars in Great Britain are becoming more popular and should find a growing market with families who run two cars.

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